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# COUNTRY LIFE

AVISTOCK STREET. STRAND. LONDON. W.C. 2

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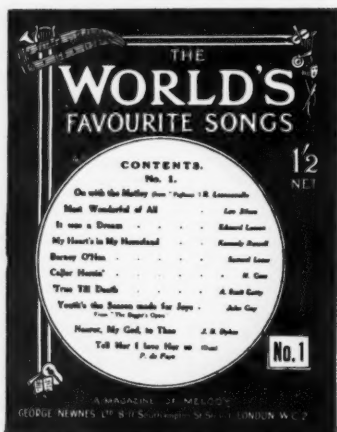
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## CONTENTS

	PAGE
Our Frontispiece: Sir Charles Scott Sherrington, the Retiring President of the British Association .. .. .	337, 338
Allotment Holders. (Leader) .. .. .	338
Country Notes .. .. .	339
Tokio Born, by Grace James .. .. .	339
Wren, by E. Temple Thurston .. .. .	340
Photographs and Pictures. (Illustrated) .. .. .	341
The Spanish or Spotted Sheep, by M. Portal. (Illustrated) .. .. .	345
Three Splendid Ayrshires, by G. Corbett. (Illustrated) .. .. .	347
On Duck Shooting in Alberta.—I, by William Rowan. (Illustrated) .. .. .	348
Hope for the Handicapped, by Bernard Darwin .. .. .	349
Country Home: Culverthorpe.—I, by Christopher Hussey. (Illustrated) .. .. .	350
Dog Training by Amateurs: XII.—Teaching to Follow a Laid Line, by R. Sharpe. (Illustrated) .. .. .	356
Style in Literature .. .. .	358
Pot Fruit Trees in the Orchard House. (Illustrated) .. .. .	359
Three Flowering Shrubs, by W. J. Bean .. .. .	360
Our Thoroughbreds, by Gerald S. Davies, the Master of Charterhouse .. .. .	361
Aden, by John Macleod .. .. .	362
Box Porcelain: I.—Figures, by William King. (Illustrated) .. .. .	363
Correspondence .. .. .	365
Foxhunting and Electric Railways (Lionel Edwards); On the Carpathian "Prairie" (Isobel Trumper); A Nursery of Swallows (Ernest A. Litten); Blackbirds and Garden Peas; Louise Imogen Guiney (Grace Guiney); A Northern Garden; A Remarkable Snake; The Swans of Wells (Frank Witty); A Methodical Egg-layer (C. H. Foster); A Whit-headed Blackbird in London (P. G. Butcher) .. .. .	367
The Second Best Two Year Old .. .. .	368
A Flying Visit to Germany, by Margaret d'Este .. .. .	368
Shooting Notes, by Max Baker. (Illustrated) .. .. .	369
The Estate Market .. .. .	370
A Sportsman's Racing Pictures, by D. Van de Goote. (Illustrated) .. .. .	lii.
The Automobile World. (Illustrated) .. .. .	liv.
The Great Art of Wearing Clothes Well. (Illustrated) .. .. .	lxii.

## EDITORIAL NOTICE

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## Allotment Holders

IN a speech on Saturday, Sir Kingsley Wood, M.P., Chairman of the Parliamentary Allotments Committee, made the disquieting announcement that the membership of the allotment societies has decreased during the last two years by one-third. He did not consider that this shrinkage was due to the men, but because of the fewer opportunities to carry on their work. We do not know that anybody is to blame for that; at any rate, where the land is required for house-building or for any other equally legitimate purpose, there is no reason for complaint. There is, however, real ground for complaint when land which had been let to the allotment holder during the war is taken back and allowed to fall derelict. When that happens the allotment holder surely has a genuine grievance. Sir Kingsley Wood declared that the great trouble of the movement is its insecurity, and, if the movement is to flourish, means must be adopted for getting rid of that weakness. We take it that his remark applies chiefly to London and to other very large towns. There land is of the very highest value and waste land at a minimum. In the outskirts of the smaller towns there does not seem to be any falling off in the number of allotment holders,

and they are growing much more skilful than they were when they started during the war. Many of them are able to grow for the market and to take prizes at the shows in their neighbourhood. Further, they have shown an aptitude for taking up some other occupation which yields a profit. They keep a few chickens: many of them enough to send a regular supply to the local shops, and some working on a considerable scale. They have resumed the old villager's occupation of keeping geese and ducks, and it is not uncommon to find some of them engaged in turkey-rearing.

In fact, the experience of the last few years has fitted a very considerable proportion of them to become small-holders. One of the problems that must soon engage attention is that of settling those who are fit in holdings that will give them more scope than they had in their little allotments, and they should be owners. There is no need at this time of day to repeat the many arguments in favour of increasing the number of peasant proprietors; it is not only a step towards gratifying their own very reasonable ambitions, but something that will add to the stability of the country. Nothing increases a man's self-respect more than the possession of a piece of land—some ground that he can call his own and do as he likes with. There can be no reasonable doubt that if the very best of the allotment holders were selected to become small owners they would prosper owing to their skill in the various departments of *la petite culture*, and by having a stake in the country they would add to its stability. The more violent of the Labour Party are very fully alive to this, as they showed the other day when protesting against the working man becoming owner of his own house. The most plausible of the reasons they advanced was that, if he possessed his house, he would be tied by the leg to the town in which he dwelt and would not be able to take advantage of any remunerative work that cropped up somewhere else. It is a pretty bad argument at the best, but it fails to have the least iota of reasonableness when applied to a small-holder whose work does not depend on his belonging to a multitude of fellow workers, but is individual. In fact, he is on the way to becoming that bugbear of Labour—a capitalist. What we have to take into account, however, is not the prejudices engendered by political strife but the economic advantages. In no great length of time Denmark escaped from the ruin that was threatened after the Germans had annexed the two duchies of Schleswig and Holstein. Poor, sandy country, as Denmark was originally she has now become a model and monument of agricultural skill, mostly through the toil and energy of the small-holder. It was the establishment of the peasant proprietor in France that enabled that country to avoid anarchy after the defeat by Germany, and in its peasant proprietary lies its strength to-day.

Great Britain has, in proportion to its area, fewer small holdings than any other European country, and the fact shows a weakness that must be got rid of if the nation is to survive. A great step towards that end is the self-training and self-education of the allotment holder, who is being taught, not by pedants and schoolmasters, but by his own experience, to be efficient and independent.

## Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Sir Charles Scott Sherrington, the outgoing President of the British Association. He is now succeeded by Sir Ernest Rutherford, whose portrait we showed last week. Those who attended the British Association Meeting at Hull last year will vividly remember the learned yet clear and simply worded address made by the President. The subject was "Some Aspects of Animal Mechanism," and the matter a very close and reasoned examination of the functions of the body. Following it was a finely argued disquisition on manifestations of mind. His conclusion and peroration were "that mind actuated by instincts but instrumented with reason was man's own peculiar property."

\*.\* It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens and livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.





## COUNTRY NOTES

**A**LTHOUGH recent news from Japan tends to show that the effects of the earthquake were exaggerated, it still remains by far the greatest calamity of the kind that has ever visited any country. We are glad, however, to know that the Japanese people are not at all in the mind to succumb to the disaster. They have had a long, indeed a racial, experience of earthquakes, and with characteristic courage they are already taking the necessary steps to feed the population and repair the damage that has been done. This will take a considerable time, however, and in these days, when the industry of one country is so closely intertwined with that of other countries, considerable injury to trade must follow. It will be felt with us in the Midlands. Japan was a great customer of Sheffield and Bradford; from the former she bought cutlery, tool steel and special steel, and from the latter woollen goods. Indeed, she has been this country's best customer for woollen goods this year, buying no less than 14,000,000 square yards. One of her exports is straw plaiting, which is regarded as a necessity in towns such as Luton and Bedford. The English plaiting is considered too heavy, though one does not see why English hands should not be able to make the finer quality. In the meantime, however, it will cause a certain stoppage in trade because of the dependence of English manufacturers on the Japanese export.

**I**N the *Journal of the Ministry of Agriculture* for September there is a very useful article on poultry keeping and the cultivation of fruit. Reference has been made to this in our columns on several occasions, particularly when describing the poultry establishment of Messrs. Chivers at Cambridge. The practice is good for the fruit and good for the poultry. When the soil is turned over under the fruit trees the birds make a feast of the various creatures of one kind and another that pass most of their time under the surface. Many of the most noxious insects come to the chrysalis stage in the soil and afterwards attack the trees. It has been found by experience that insect pests are perceptibly diminished in orchards by digging or ploughing under the trees and letting the birds have their run there. An orchard affords just the proper protection for the houses of the birds; it gives plenty of shade in summer and protection in winter. The cost of equipment is generally looked upon as the greatest drawback, but it chiefly means a supply of wire netting to keep the birds within the bounds of the orchard. This netting should be about five feet high.

**O**F particular value is the note on the results of experience. Mr. J. G. Faircliffe of Burwell has run poultry under fruit trees for twenty years in about fifty acres of orchard belonging to Mr. Stephenson of Exning, and he has at Burwell about five acres of his own. In the large orchards, about five pens, each holding two dozen laying hens, are

used for an acre. At Burwell there are fifteen to the acre, and each holds ten hens. This is independent of the pens reserved for chicken-rearing. He has found the most useful fowls to be White Wyandottes and Rhode Island Reds. Mr. T. H. Langan of Willingham says that a plantation of Victoria plums in the Fen district had never produced anything but "skin and bone" till he put poultry in. Last year he had a good crop of large plums, and this year it is one of the few crops in the district. He finds that Anconas are more suitable for his ground. Poultry and orchard produce are well suited for sale together. Who buys a chicken is just as likely to purchase extra fine plums or whatever fruit happens to be in season.

**W**HETHER Summer Time is a fixed festival like Christmas or a moving one like Easter does not appear yet to have been determined in high quarters. It seems at present to begin and end at different times every year. On this occasion Summer Time closes before the end of summer, which, according to the official view, goes on to September 23rd. The main point of controversy this year has arisen owing to the refusal of France to fall in with our time. It is highly desirable that there should be European agreement as to the beginning and the end. Summer is pre-eminently the time for pleasure travelling on the Continent, and its charms certainly are not increased when trains and other means of transport are fixed by a French clock which has no relation to British time. Heroic as were the attempts to get over the difficulty, the discordance this year led to over much-waiting at stations and the starting points of boats. Surely, this is the best argument for a strong attempt being made to arrive at an arrangement between all the countries concerned, but particularly between our own and those lands which are favoured for summer visits.

### TOKIO BORN.

I was born in Tokio—  
And years ago,  
I used to walk the streets there,  
Conspicuous, with English yellow hair. . . .

We used to go  
To Kameido,  
Where Wistarias grow  
So long they dip into lake waters. . . .  
And the Tea-House Keeper's daughters  
Brought rice cakes in blue china dishes,  
So we might feed the rose carp and the red gold fishes. . . .

Where are my schoolfellows that played  
In scarlet *Hakama* and bright brocade,  
Jade hairpins and tortoise-shell  
As well . . . ?  
Where is my *Amah* . . . and the jolly man  
Who put me in my *Kuruma*, and ran  
With me about the enchanted city  
Where everything was small and gay and pretty . . . ?  
Where are the little darling gardens and the shops  
Of Fuji-Yama lollipops,  
The Dyer's and the Washerman's; and far  
Off in Shiba Park, the big bazaar?

And, oh where can they be,  
Those people that were always kind to me . . . !

GRACE JAMES.

**I**T is, to say the least, very annoying that the month of September should find foot and mouth disease prevalent in many parts of Great Britain. In Buckinghamshire the outbreak at Wotton Underwood caused the Buckingham market to be closed on Saturday, and the police have placed an interdict on hunting by the official Whaddon Chase hounds. The portion of Lancashire affected is now divided into two districts, one "prohibited," the other "controlled." All cattle classes in the shows held at Pilling and Brindle were prohibited, and no markets could be held in the prohibited area, which includes Preston, Blackpool, and a considerable number of other towns and sessional divisions. The Cheshire Hunt is not allowing

cubbing or the meeting of hounds within a given distance of the places reported, and the Chief Constable of Cheshire has asked for the dog owners to keep their animals under control. These are the small tribulations; the great misfortune is the stoppage of exportation, a disadvantage which has become almost chronic.

WE have been told so often that man no longer gets the sons his fathers got that three victories over the Channel in a single summer set one looking for any other reason than improvement in human physique to account for them. Captain Webb, still the hero of a Shropshire countryside, wore his laurels in solitary glory for more than thirty years; then came Burgess, who did not improve on his time; then a gap of twelve years, and Sullivan, Tiraboschi and Toth stand with them: the last two with only sixteen hours against Webb's twenty-one. Obviously, during four years of the latest gap the possible Channel swimmers were, many of them, too busy across the Channel to think of swimming it; but still the question remains, why three swimmers in one year after only two in more than forty? If a widespread improvement in human physique is left out of the possibilities, perhaps the solution of the problem lies in the fact that the war made concentration and endurance and the ability to bend all means to one end common property to great masses of men when before they were the perquisites of the favoured few.

THE loss of seven destroyers in a thick mist accompanied by a storm is the greatest disaster ever experienced by the American Navy. The information about it is obscure and to some extent confictory. At Honda Point, north of Santa Barbara, an island forty miles from the coast of Los Angeles, the liner Cuba had gone ashore on the rocks and was being pounded to pieces. It is said, on the one hand, that the American warships made a rush to save the drowning crew and passengers; but, on the other hand, it is suggested that there had been a submarine earthquake or some reverberation from that experienced in Japan, and that the warships lost their bearings, their difficulties being increased by the bad working of the wireless, which seems to have been affected by the electrical disturbance that had its centre in unfortunate Japan. No doubt, the whole occurrence will be better understood when accounts are forthcoming from those who escaped.

IN the new number of *The Outline of Literature and Art*, Sir William Orpen gives a very adequate and interesting account of the Pre-Raphaelites; while whoever has chosen the pictures has used a personal touch which will be welcomed. For instance, many of the rising generation will be glad to identify the mother in Millais' "The Order of Release, 1746" as Mrs. John Ruskin, who afterwards divorced the critic and married the painter. The picture itself is a touching reminiscence of the "Forty-five." Dante Gabriel Rossetti's picture of "The Annunciation" has a figure of the Virgin for which his sister, Christina Rossetti, posed, as she did also for the "Girlhood of the Virgin" with Rossetti's mother. This is also a treasure. In "Ophelia," by Millais, the model used was Miss Siddal, who afterwards became Mrs. Rossetti, always a fascinating personality to the students of the Pre-Raphaelite movement. Mrs. Morris, the wife of William Morris, another beautiful woman of this gifted circle, sat as model for "The Day-Dream." Art critics have wrangled over these pictures, but to the literary artist they must be a joy for ever.

THE Sectional Transactions of the British Association this year cover an extraordinarily wide field, principally because subjects are studied scientifically that did not in the past receive that attention. As an example, we might point to Rhythmic Dancing, which will be the subject of a paper to be read by Miss Margaret Einert on Tuesday. The most interesting announcement is that the paper will be illustrated by a demonstration: one sees in fancy the pundits of the Association relaxing to witness the dancing. Science is even applied to English Literature, and we notice that "Art for Art's Sake" as a pedagogical principle is to form a part of Dr. William Heron's paper on Literary Appreciation in Elementary Schools. Miss W. Spielman is to discourse on Vocational Tests for Dressmakers'

Apprentices. Professor J. S. Macdonald and Miss Margaret S. Macdonald have been making a close analytical study of walking, which proves "a definite relationship between step and velocity, which is departed from notably at a certain higher range of velocity." The section of Anthropology affords evidence of the intense interest which has been aroused in this subject. Research is being reported from nearly every quarter of the globe; one of the most promising of the lectures being that by Sir Arthur Evans on "Crete as a Stepping-stone of Early Culture: Some New Lights."

WHAT a world of memories is recalled by the death of Miss Arnold, who died at Fox How, Ambleside, at the ripe age of ninety! She was one of a most brilliant family. Her father was the great Dr. Arnold of Rugby, who had eight children, of whom she was the youngest. She was the sister of Matthew Arnold, of Thomas Arnold, Mrs. Humphry Ward's father, and of Jane Arnold, who was married to W. E. Forster, a great statesman, best remembered politically, perhaps, for his share in the Education Act of 1870 and as Irish Secretary at a tumultuous time in the history of Ireland. Another brother was William Delafield Arnold, the father of Mr. Arnold-Forster, at one time Secretary for War. In her youth, a frequent visitor at Fox How was Wordsworth when the years hung heavily upon him. Miss Arnold used to be proud that she had entertained five Laureates at Fox How—Southey, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Alfred Austin and Robert Bridges. Longfellow in his day was a visitor, and Aubrey de Vere. Harriet Martineau was on intimate terms with the household, and it was she who brought Charlotte Bronte to it in 1850. In a way, the most interesting visitor of all was Arthur Clough, Matthew Arnold's "Thyrsis." These do not exhaust the list of those who in their day exchanged thoughts and talked and laughed together at the house among the fells of which Dr. Arnold was so proud.

#### WREN.

Little brown wren, is that your note,  
Here in the pocket of a scarecrow's coat?  
Are'n't you scared to build like that,  
So close to a man with a billycock hat?  
'Pon my soul!  
Little brown wren,  
You must have faith  
In the hearts of men!

E. TEMPLE THURSTON.

A CONTRIBUTOR to the *Scotsman* has made a discovery that would have delighted Sir Walter Scott in the Land of the Mosstroopers. It will be remembered that in one of his novels the wizard described a mosstrooper making his way over a bog like a duck on the wing. Apparently, artificial aids to progress have been in existence, and it was one of these, the "Stepping-stones of Glentarra," that has been rediscovered by Mr. Logan Mack. Apparently, something over six hundred stones had been placed for the purpose of enabling natives to cross a swamp dry-shod; but as the moss grew the stones sank into it, and though they are mentioned in the "New Statistical Account," published in 1845, the story of their existence came to be regarded as a mere legend. Investigation, however, has shown that there is a chain of stones, each about ten inches square and two feet apart. That is a surface measurement; it will require excavation to find out their height. Now that they have been located, however, it may be confidently expected that a thorough examination will be possible.

ANOTHER of the four coloured prints mentioned in last week's issue is our supplement of this week. Like the others, it is signed "L. Marin," the engraver's abbreviation of Louis Marin Bonnet. An interesting point is the spelling of "Garle." This is an obsolete form of "girl." Very few examples of this spelling have come down to us, although some forms, such as "gurle," "gerle," and so on, are pretty frequent. It is a very charming engraving, though the subject looks more like a buxom English lass than a slender French maiden.



# PHOTOGRAPHS AND PICTURES

THE EXHIBITION OF THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

WE have travelled a very long way since the days when a picture was a picture and a photograph was a photograph and nothing more, and the London Salon of Photography has played a considerable part in the process. This year, as in many a former year, the galleries of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours are hung with photographs at least half of which—but, of course, not necessarily the same half in every case—would be counted as pictures in the fullest sense of the word by the most exacting critic.

Quite what it is that draws the line of distinction it would be hard to say. The quality is certainly not found in a multitude of properties or an elaborate theme. One or two costume photographs and even the attractive groups of children variously dressed up by Janet Allan and Agnes Martin, beautifully posed and lighted as they are, only demonstrate how much the camera dislikes properties. Yet Mr. Keighley's "Past and Present" may be taken as proof that when such a subject is not arranged, but discovered, it is quite another matter. Even the elaborately undressed model shares in the camera's condemnation. A painted picture of a nude figure in a forest or by a stream does not seem to strike a note of incongruity; but, perhaps because an inner voice still whispers "photograph," to me, at least, a camera study of that type of subject gives an uneasy impression of being something unnatural. On the other hand, "still life" seems to inspire the camera to do its best, witness the excellent "Café au Lait," by F. de la Mare Norris, just a group of cups and coffee pot, a half-burnt cigarette and the scattered ash and their reflection in the polished surface of the table, and yet one of the most perfectly satisfying and enjoyable pictures in the whole exhibition. Mrs. Margaret Watkins in "Pot Lids," "Kitchen Sink" and "Rhythm—Sink Corner" has succeeded, too, in capturing an essential beauty in things we are not in the habit

of considering beautiful, and her "Design-curves" probably gives the clue to the habit of eye by which she achieves it.

From her work to some of the pictures of scenery may be a far cry; but, even then, it is not, in most cases, the inherent beauty or interest of the subject which makes the photograph into the picture. "The Centre of a Thunderstorm, 5,000ft. Altitude" has both, but equally so has "Creek in Winter," a close study of a narrow stream, black between the rounded outlines of its snow-covered banks. The first gives us the great cloud masses of the upper air, all the wonder of the men flying among them, the threat of the storm, the marvel of human achievement; the other, a few square yards of a brookside in midwinter, and yet, both have the same perfect quality. A little way off hangs another scene by Miss Clara Sipprell, much more ambitious than her "Creek in Winter" and not half as wonderful, but I should not like to have to say why. Mr. Mortimer's "The Last Chapter" touches the high-water mark of the possible for historical interest, and association and the most perfect beauty of composition—notice the straining figures passing between the eye and the vessel's keel—go to the making of it. It is war's aftermath as plainly as Mr. Keighley's lovely swan is the spirit of peace.

Of course, there is the usual percentage of photographs which are so clever that you cannot easily resist the temptation of putting them into the category of pictures. "Rhythm" with its group of dancing figures with uplifted arms is a good example of that and has a certain beauty as well. Then there are portraits, such as Mr. Drummond Young's "Walter Sickert, Esq." and "Granite," by Mr. Arthur W. Rice, and Mr. Gascoigne Lyndes' study of "Grannie of Kingsway," the old blind woman who sells matches there and whose face, come rain or shine, is one of the happiest to be met in a day's march, where the photographer has been either so clever or so lucky as to find a sitter whose personality has inspired him to the creation of



F. J. Mortimer. "THE LAST CHAPTER." BREAKING UP THE THETIS ON ZEEBRUGGE MOLE.

Copyright.





*Alfred G. Buckham.* "THE CENTRE OF A THUNDERSTORM, 5,000FT. ALTITUDE."

*Copyright.*



*J. Arthur Lomax.*

"SHEEP AND SUNSHINE."

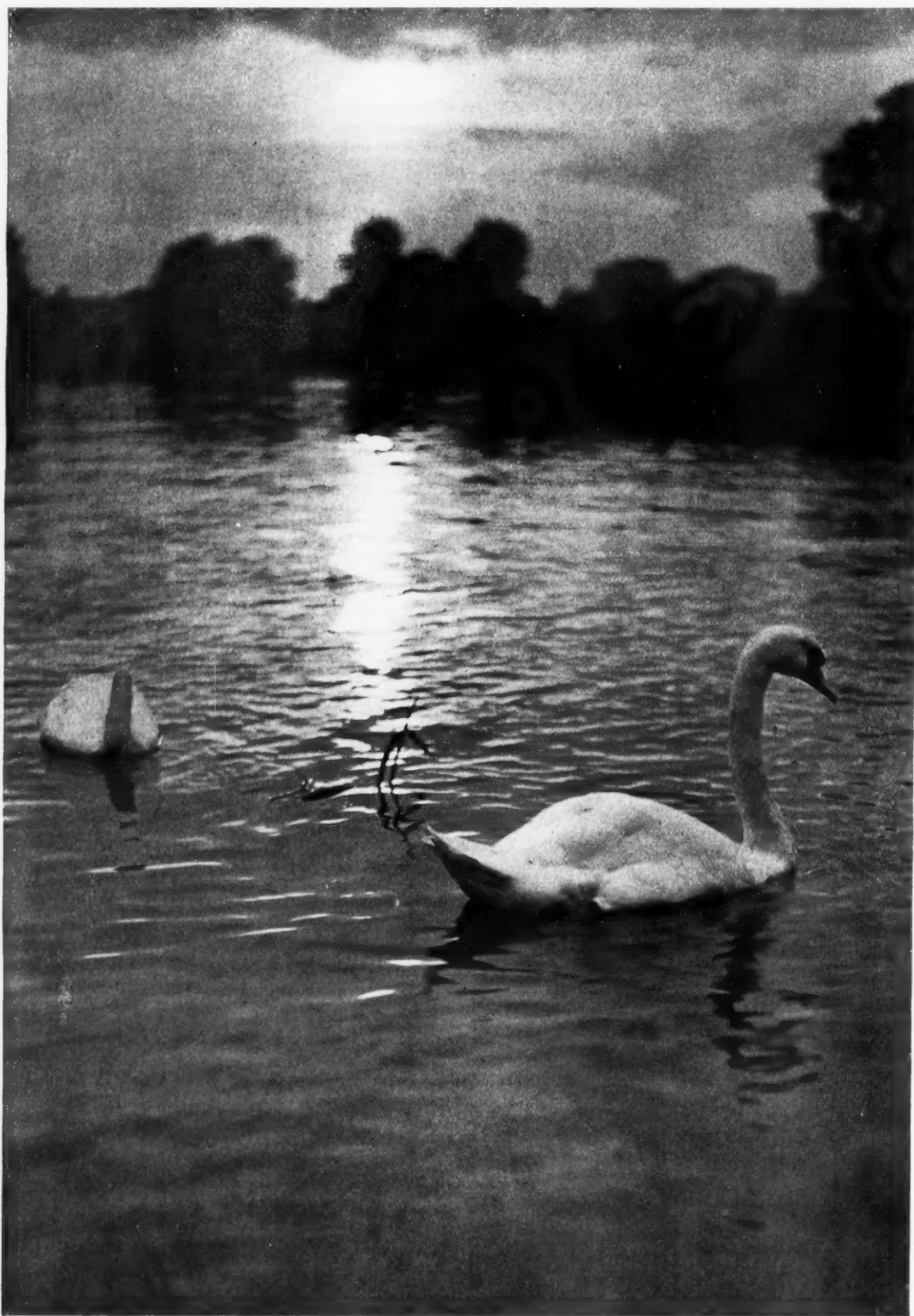
*Copyright.*

*Alex. Keighley.**"PAST AND PRESENT."**Copyright.**H. Y. Summons.**"A BRIDGE IN SUSSEX."**Copyright.*

a picture. On the whole often there are more photographs among the portraits and more pictures among the landscapes; but very delightful photographs many of them are, particularly those which seem to have aimed at representing their subject in his habit as he lived without fantasy or self-consciousness. Two pictures of bridges, "A Bridge in Sussex" and "Kelvin-grove," where a bridge in strong sunshine shows through the stems of a grove of aspens, stand out particularly in retrospect.

Of course, the London Salon of Photography, in common with every other body which gives an annual exhibition, suffers from a certain amount of sameness. There are several pictures this year which, no doubt, are new, but might as well be the ones by the same exhibitors seen in last year's collection or that of the year before, and one or two instances of types of picture at which someone or other is always trying his hand with something of the same effect. On the whole, however, the individuality of the various exhibitors' work is more remarkable than their likeness. Take Mr. Ward Muir's treatment of new London buildings, as forming a kind of gracious and dignified conventional design, and Mr. G. F. Prior's "Admiralty Arch" with its heavy masses of figures, the tugging balloons above the head of the street vendor on the left, the light breaking

almost in ripples upon the muddy street. I am quite convinced that if Mr. Prior and Mr. Muir had changed subjects they would still have produced pictures of the same essential spirit as those that they are showing. Among the work of the Japanese exhibitors such personal differences are, naturally, harder to trace, but, grouping them together, they are responsible for some of the most perfectly beautiful and poetic work in the galleries. The still life pictures of which I wrote at the beginning of this article come nearest to them, but the feeling is not the same. With the beautiful reticence of their race in such matters these artists take a spray of leaves or a dragon-fly and create from it a complete and lovely picture. Mr. M. N. Iwashita's "Frogs in a Pool" is perhaps the most perfect. A water lily, a frog or two swimming, looked at from above, and across the water, the shadow of sprays of leaves outside the range of the camera—it does not sound remarkable, but it most certainly is. On the whole, the exhibition, in spite of the fact that Lord Carnarvon's death leaves a gap and that other accustomed exhibitors are not represented, seems to me a little less like its predecessors than they of late have been to each other. It is an intangible difference. I cannot put a finger on it, much as I should like to, but it is one that it is very good to see. B. E. S.



Herbert Felton.

"THE SWAN."

Copyright.



# THE SPANISH OR SPOTTED SHEEP



SPANISH EWES.

THE late Mr. Heatley Noble wrote a short account of the above breed, which was published in *COUNTRY LIFE* in the spring of 1913, and at the date of his death owned a flock of some four hundred. He was a firm believer in the breed from a utility point of view as well as from the picturesque one. In spite of very persistent research, spread over many years, he was never able to trace the source of origin. That it is an ancient breed is certain, as he published a photograph of a sketch of a ram's head done at Tabley Park in 1822 (which is reproduced here), and it will be admitted it is a wonderful head of a ram. Some attributed the origin to South Africa, but the Cape Museum failed to recognise photographs, and the Agricultural Society also failed. The writer never saw any in Bechuanaland or on the Zulu borders. Others claimed Syria, Palestine and North Africa as their home, but the Consul at Aleppo failed to identify, equally the Consul in Morocco and the Governor of Tilwat beyond the Atlas Mountains. Spain and Portugal deny them; a pen of the breed had been seen at a show in Spain, but they had been imported from England. Some aver they came with the Armada and escaped off sunken ships, but this is a popular source of origin for any unknown breed; and some state that the Herdwick sheep also came thus.

It is within the bounds of possibility that the various owners claiming different sources of origin for their herds may be more or less correct, and the present breed, which has now a very fixed type and fixed peculiarities, is the result of many crosses long ago.



MOUFLON RAM.



A FINE HEAD. SPANISH RAM. FIRST CROSS WILD MOUFLON RAM.

As Professor Ewart points out, there were no four-horned sheep—as far as is known—in the very remote ages of the world, and it is safe to assume that this four-horned breed sprang from a two-horned, and all sheep from the Urial and Mouflon.

While some ewes have only two horns and often carry the best heads, yet their lambs nearly always have four horns, though very often only two develop. The ram lambs always have four, the upper pair growing upwards and curving back (they sometimes curve forwards) and the lower pair curving round, often meeting the jaw or cheek and having to be sawn back. Unfortunately, in early youth the horn attachment is soft and horns are easily knocked off in play. If a really good head is desired, it is best to put a few ewes and lambs apart from the flock. The ram's head goes on improving with age; the oldest ram Mr. Heatley Noble had seen was twelve years old and still improving in strength of horn.

The most curious feature of this breed is that if crossed with any other breed of ram the lambs are born black, with a white patch between ears and a white tip to tail; later, the black turns rusty brown. This is the case where crossed with a Highland, Border Leicester, Hampshire, Southdown or Cheviot ram. Recently, wishing to get a true hardy outcross, I sent my best two-horn ewe to the Wild Mouflon ram at the Zoological Gardens, by the very kind permission of the officials there. The result was a pair of lambs of opposite sexes, rather longer in the leg than pure-bred lambs. They were born black, with the usual white between ears and short tail with white tip, the coat rather straight. At twelve weeks of age the coat is rusty brown, woolly and curly like other lambs. In weight, they are 10lb. heavier than pure-bred lambs of the same age. The pure-bred lambs do not attain heavy weights, but the meat is excellent. On the other hand, the cross-bred lambs grow faster



SPANISH FWE LAMB.



FIRST CROSS RAM BY A WILD MOUFLON (LONDON ZOO)—SPANISH FWE.

and weigh far more. The Spanish-Leicester cross produced lambs weighing 83lb. clean at six months, the cross Hampshire 50lb. at five months, and the cross Southdown 70lb. at nine months.

The chief utility advantage of the "unknown breed"—call them what you will—is that they are wonderfully hardy, do not mind heat or wet, are not given to foot-rot and do not require their feet dressing on grass (they are rather apt to pick up thorns, but these seldom trouble them long); they will live and

thrive where other sheep would not, and do not require shelter sheds for lambing or any assistance at that time,

but do best left to their own devices in a field with timber trees and where they are disturbed as little as possible.

They are very prolific and produce a large number of twins and, at times, triplets, and are excellent mothers, ready and able to defend their young against any dog. In 1921, thirty-four ewes had sixty-one lambs; in 1922, fifty ewes had eighty-eight lambs alive; and in 1923, forty-seven ewes had eighty-seven lambs, of which three died—the deaths being due to the ewes



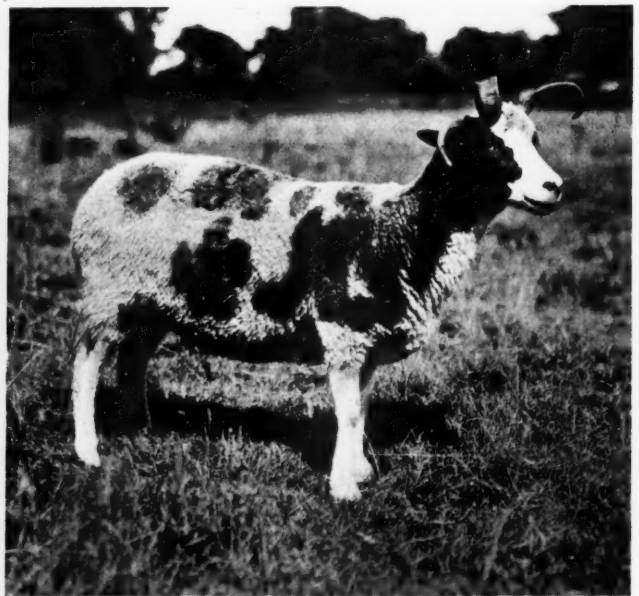
SPANISH EWE AND HER LAMBS.

which had triplets moving on after the first was born and having the other two elsewhere.



W. A. Roach.

TWO YEAR OLD SPANISH RAM, HOME BRED.



TWO YEAR OLD SPANISH EWE.

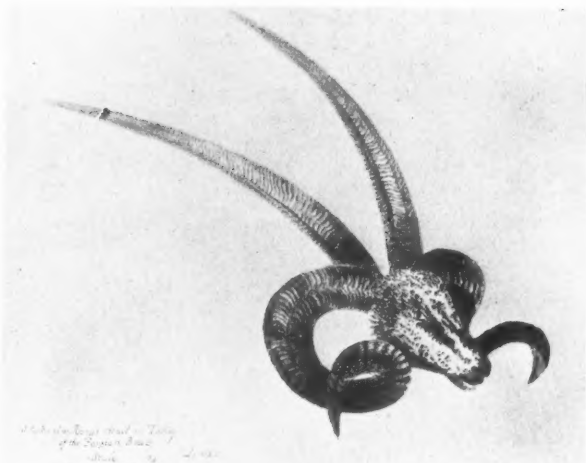
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Their fleece is of good quality, though not heavy, and makes a fair price per pound—last sale it averaged (unwashed) 10½d. per pound; or, if it be so desired, it can be spun into a very serviceable stone grey material, very warm and wearing well.

Artificial food is not a necessity, and as long as grass of some sort can be got they do not care for hay in winter. The flock here do not care for swedes or turnips, but appreciate mangels at lambing time if keep is short.

Some lambs come with more brown colour than white, which rather spoils the spotted effect, but this can be easily overcome by using a light-coloured ram, as the male appears to have more effect on the colour of the lamb than does the female. There is no doubt that, with a little care, a very perfect ram's head could be trained and the blemish of a sawn-off point avoided. If anyone



SKETCH OF A RAM'S HEAD OF THE PERSIAN BREED IN TABLEY PARK.

desires a picturesque flock near their house, or bad pasture-land made good, they could not do better than have a flock of these sheep—inexpensive to keep, highly prolific and picturesque.

In 1912 the late Mr. Heatley Noble had records of some forty-one flocks, among the oldest being the Duke of Devonshire's, which was extant in 1819, but the sheep were then two-horned. After the introduction of rams from the Milton flock in 1851, they became chiefly four-horned.

It may be, perhaps, fairly considered whether the four-horns come from a cross with St. Kilda sheep at some period. If so, the de Tabley herd must have had them earlier, *vide* the ram's head in sketch dated 1822. There was, so Mr. Heatley Noble stated, an earlier painting of the breed at Tabley, done about 1760.

M. PORTAL.

## THREE SPLENDID AYRSHIRES

I AM sending you three photographs of one family of Ayrshire cattle that may interest you, as they have, I should think, created a record during this season. The sire, Hobsland Mendel by Hobsland Lucky Boy out of Hobsland Jean 5th, has records of over 1,300 gallons on each side of his pedigree; he was unbeaten as a one, two and three year old at the Highland Show. He was male champion this year and reserve champion to his daughter for the Breed Cup.

The cow Auchenbrain Yellow Kate 12th, bred by D. and W. Wallace, Auchenbrain by Lessnessock Golden Love out of Auchenbrain Yellow Kate 8th, has averaged over 1,100 gallons for the last three years, and won first prize in a strong class of cows in milk at the Royal Show at Newcastle this year.

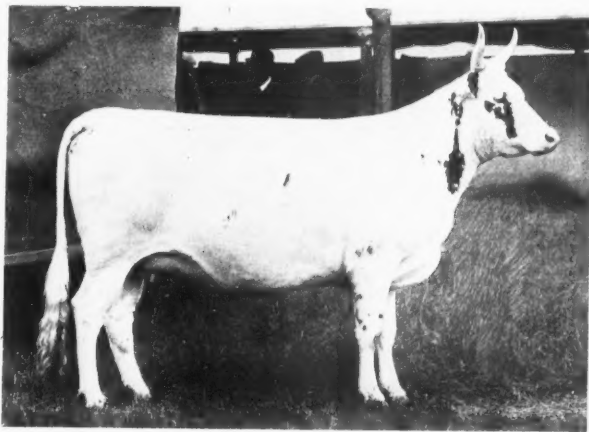
The third photograph, Rowallan Kate Mendel, calved on April 15th, 1921, won her class at the Highland Show (cow or heifer calved in or after 1920 and due to calve before December 1st, 1923), also the female championship and the breed championship. She was one of three heifers

from Mendel's first leet of calves; her full brother, calved in 1922, was sold to R. Ness and Sons, Howick, Quebec, and won the yearling class at Ormstown Show in Canada. The heifer herself has produced a bull calf, and, in spite of being so young, and of unfavourable and stormy weather, is producing 4 gallons per day of over 4 per cent. milk at the present time.

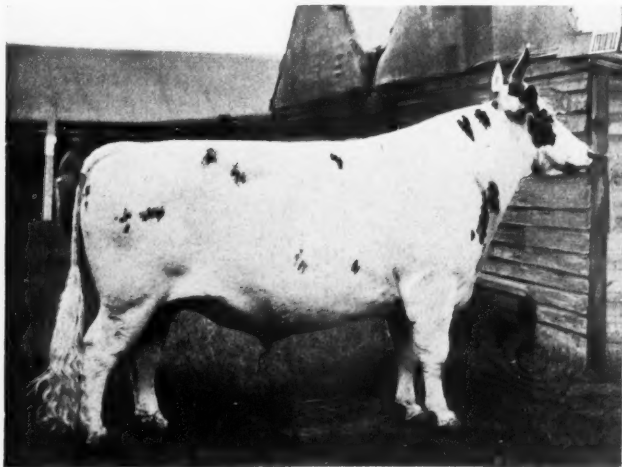
I do not believe that such a thing as a parent standing reserve to his or her own progeny for a Breed Cup has ever occurred before at a national show. G. CORBETT.

### LORD DERBY'S DISPERSAL SALE.

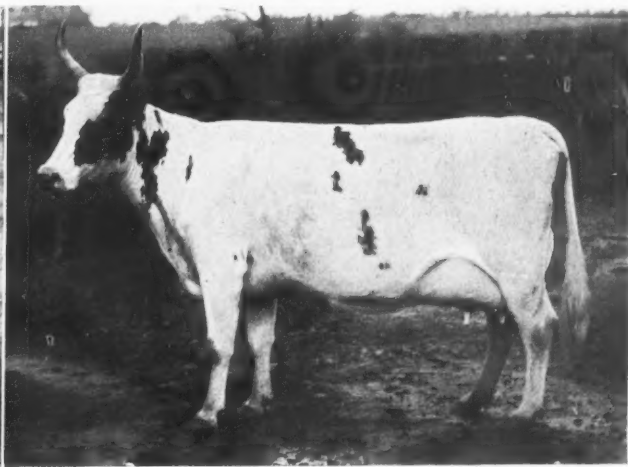
Lord Derby's shorthorns, well bred as most of them are, reflected the depression of the market which has been going on for years, and is not likely to revive till agriculture once more turns the corner. The highest price was 150 guineas given by Mr. Magee of Salwick Hall, Preston, for Princess Beatrice, a six year old cow with Josephine blood, bred at Scotby, near Carlisle. Two cows out of a cow descended from the famous Bates' tribe of Wild Eyes went for 70 guineas each. A total of forty-one cows sold for £1,964 11s., an average of £47 8s. 3d., and four bulls of the Knowesley Dolphin strain brought £211 1s., an average of £52 15s. 3d. Total for the herd £2,175 12s.



ROWALLAN KATE MENDEL.  
First prize, Female Ch. and Breed Ch. at the Highland Show.



HOBSLAND MENDEL.  
Male Ch. and reserve Breed Ch. at the Highland Show.

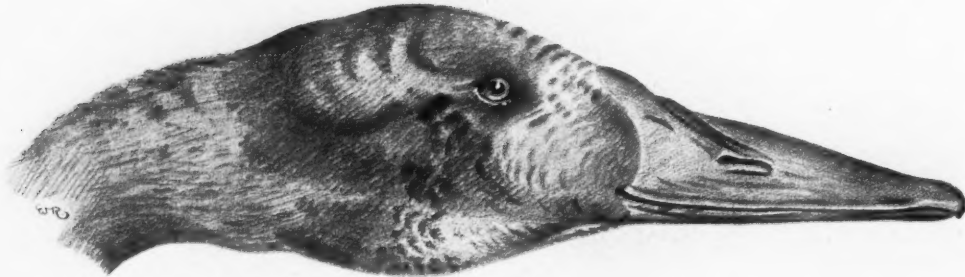


AUCHENBRAIN YELLOW KATE.  
First in Milking Trials at the Royal this year



# ON DUCK SHOOTING IN ALBERTA.—I

BY WILLIAM ROWAN.



YOUNG CANVAS-BACK, PRINCE OF TABLE BIRDS.

TO an Englishman abroad, no matter how long he may have been away from his native heath, a new experience in his adopted country invariably seems to invite comparison with events of the long-ago. When enjoying the wonderful shooting that this province affords, it is rarely that one's mind does not travel back to some stretch of the British coastline that has given of its best in days gone by. Nor is the comparison unfavourable, in spite of the fact that a good day in Norfolk would rank but as a second-rater here. As far as ducks are concerned, there is only one pre-requisite for a good bag in Alberta, and that is sufficient skill to bring the birds down. If one knows the spots, the birds are there. As there is never any need to travel far in this land of unlimited water, one has even the privilege of choosing the weather. It is, perhaps, this very accessibility that always recalls the days of arduous toil, often undertaken in mist or drizzle, that may or may not have been rewarded eventually with a handful of ducks in England. Days that are passed, but whose passing has left behind them a vague longing for their recall. The extra effort must surely make the reward the sweeter.

There are several distinct types of duck "hunting," to use the local expression, to be enjoyed in the sunny province. Probably the most popular, and certainly the most exciting, is stubble shooting. Once the season opens and the birds become generally disturbed on the shallow lakes that are so abundant and afford such excellent feed for wild fowl, ducks and geese take to feeding in the stubble fields. Usually this habit does not develop until the first severe frosts make their appearance; but in seasons following on a rainless summer, when the sloughs and smaller lakes go dry, the birds may take to the stubble even before the season has opened.

But let us imagine that we are city workers somewhere in the province and have little time at our disposal, that the duck season is at hand, and we want to arrange at least one good shoot. We naturally avoid the opening day, September 1st, for there will be too many guns out. Also the birds are still too tame for good sport and some are yet not fully grown. We therefore decide to wait till the first cold snap is here. Possibly, before we expect it the thermometer records 10° or 12° of frost. That night we get on to several farmer friends by long distance telephone. As we expect, one reports that ducks have come into the stubble. His land is only twelve miles away. We ring up a friend who owns a car and tell him that we know where ducks are to be had and are prepared to trade information for transportation. As the office closes at five, that will be the hour for leaving. The car turns up on time and we start, remembering to call at home for the tarpaulin we happen to possess and the supply of eggs, bacon, bread, butter, jam and coffee that have been got ready earlier in the day. Soon after half past five we have reached our destination. The car is run under shelter of a haystack, the tarpaulin is fastened to the hood of the car and anchored at

the other end to the ground, the stack forming a side wall. The night quarters are ready and we have nothing further to worry about except ducks. The guns and cartridges, or shells as they are called here, are unpacked and we make our way into the stubble. Here we tumble a few stooks together in the form of a ring and ensconce ourselves in the centre, each shooter being a couple of hundred yards from the next. The sun is getting low, and we know that we shall not have long to wait before the fun begins. From the lake, not so far distant, we can hear the unceasing quacking of ducks and the occasional honking of geese.

The sun sinks lower in a cloudless sky, and already we can feel the first touch of a frost that may be quite severe before the night has passed; but still no birds are flying. There is no wind, and we are comforted with the thought that, when the birds do come, there will be no hundred-miles-an-hour targets. They may be good sport in daylight, even to the amateur, but not in the failing dusk.

The stooks are now casting very long shadows, and as the sun finally dips to the horizon we get extremely fidgety. Can it be that the birds have deserted this field for another? Even as we ponder the problem, our train of thought is rudely interrupted by a shout of "over" from our fellow shooter, and we look up to see that we have just missed a long shot at a bunch of some thirty canvas-backs that have flown right overhead. We realize that we have missed what will probably prove our solitary chance at this prince of table birds, for the flock was merely moving from one lake to another and crossing us by a fluke. Stubble has no attraction for the species. How we could kick ourselves. But these have been the first birds to pass, and, like the amateurs that we are, we immediately begin to fuss with the supply of shells, with the stooks, with our seat, with anything at hand, to make quite sure that we shall be fully prepared for the next. We even open the gun to see that we have it loaded, and just as we are taking this absurd precaution, because we happen to be momentarily rattled, a pair of green-winged teal zig-zag at top speed past our heads. That brings us to our senses but too late, of course, to be of any use. Now we are ready with ears and eyes wide open. But nothing further happens.

The sun has long disappeared. The eastern sky is darkening. We are getting unpleasantly cold. How nice supper would taste just now, if we were only at the haystack instead of wasting our time here getting frozen. Again we begin to fuss. We turn up our coat collar and see that all our buttons are done up. Perhaps we can warm up our feet by turning down the trouser edges. We stoop to do this forthwith and lean the gun against the stooks. No sooner at it than we hear the whistle of wings so characteristic of mallards, getting just enough warning to grab the gun, raise it at the already passing birds and—no, we do not fire. We had forgotten that in our pessimistic supper-contemplating mood we had put on our thick mitts in our fight against the frost. But there is no time for



BUFFLE-HEAD DRAKE, AN OCCASIONAL WANDERER OVER GRAIN FIELDS.

recreminations. The whistling of yet other wings warns us that the flight has begun. Three birds pass over the hide of our companion, a famous shot, and two crumple up in the air in response to his double. A second later and we get our first shot into a small flock flying high, circling as though looking for a spot to alight. The shot is too long for the right

barrel, so we use only the left, automatically picking a bird that is just passing above another. Both birds drop. Our peevishness evaporates upon this stroke of luck and we shoot to suit our mood.

There are only fifteen minutes left now before dark. The birds are still coming in small flocks. Darkness has obliterated the eastern half of the sky, now alive with mallards, and we have to smarten up our aim. We may hear them coming, but we cannot see them until they reach the western half. Now they are flying lower, and here and there we can hear odd ones settling. From pairs they have reduced themselves to single birds, and, though they may pass within a few yards, yet, we cannot see them unless they fly into the west. Our area of illumination is steadily dwindling and our excitement increasing. For some reason our companion has stopped shooting. We shout, but there is no answer. Our hide has long ceased to be useful in the waning light and we are standing in the open just where we picked up the last bird, waiting for the next. When we hear the whistle of a pair of wings not ten yards away and in the west and can see



A TARPAULIN AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR A TENT.

strong. The mingled smell of bacon and coffee as we draw still closer is surely the best thing we have experienced all day.

As we smoke after supper we discuss the events of the evening and the various shots that have come our way. We are not surprised to learn that our camp-mate merely stopped shooting because he had got his legal limit per day of thirty birds, twenty-nine mallards and a teal. As we crawl under the outstretched tarpaulin, with the flames of the camp fire flickering slowly out just beyond the open end, we realise that we have enjoyed duck shooting such as it is difficult to beat.

The morning, still and frosty, sees us out at daybreak again in the stooks. The events are much the same as on the previous evening, except that they almost completely reverse themselves. By seven-thirty the birds have almost ceased to fly and we have a hurried breakfast, and, with a good load of ducks, race for the city, finally reaching the office only an hour late, an event so rare that it is readily overlooked, particularly as we have a handsome-looking brace or two of three-and-a-half pound mallards for the "boss."

no trace of the flyer, we know that the evening's sport has come to an end. Then only do we realise that we are literally frozen to the marrow and that 70lb. is 70lb., even if composed of mallards, and that a haystack a quarter of a mile away gets closer much slower than it should under such a burden. As we approach we see that the car lights are on and that the camp fire is going

## HOPE FOR THE HANDICAPPED

THE result of the tournament for the Jubilee Vase at St. Andrews last week was a triumph for those players who receive strokes from scratch. The two finalists, Mr. Hutchison and Mr. Curran, were rated at 5 and 6 respectively, and of the five who survived till Friday, the penultimate day, only one, Major Campbell, was a scratch player. There had been, to begin with, a fine array of scratch and plus players, headed by the amateur champion, Mr. Wethered, Mr. de Montmorency, Mr. Gordon Simpson and the ever-lusty, ever-young Mr. Edward Blackwell. So the result goes to prove that there is more justice for the under-dog in the golfing world than some people imagine. The revolution of the golfing proletariat may have been mercifully postponed thereby.

There is, of course, no doubt that in these handicap match-play tournaments the scratch men do have something the best of it. In this particular tournament, probably the most important of its kind during the year and the one in which the largest number of good players is to be found, the full difference of strokes is given. Nevertheless, since 1887, when the Jubilee Vase was first played for, only some nine players in receipt of strokes from scratch have been victorious, and since the war until this year not a single one. For any one individual scratch man to fight his way through and win is a big achievement. He will probably have to play several matches in which he knows at the outset that he is a beaten man should his opponent play his best game and make full use of his strokes. But while it may be safe to lay considerable odds against the individual back-marker, it is generally odds on the back-marker as a class and, unless they are deliberately handicapped out of it, it probably always will be.

The reason is not far to seek. In order to win a match-play tournament a man must play not necessarily very good, but pretty good golf twice a day for several days running. That is a feat of which the golfer who has at all a long start is generally incapable. He may annihilate several formidable opponents by 6 and 5 or 5 and 4, but sooner or later, as a rule, he has his bad round and out he goes accordingly.

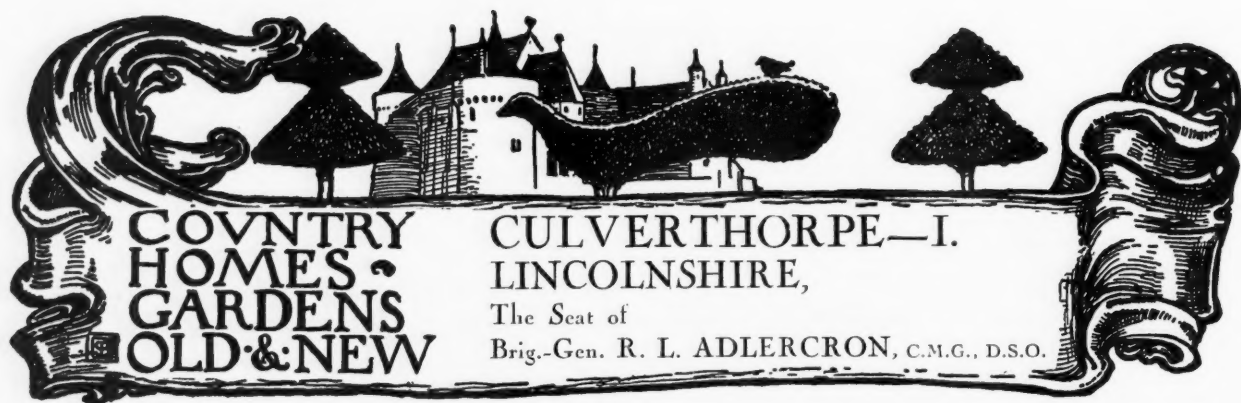
I have, I admit, been writing rather too much as if there were but two classes of golfers, the scratch players and the others. That would be an entirely false and arbitrary distinction, and it

is to be observed that those players at St. Andrews who did so well have all comparatively low handicaps, ranging from two to six. Moreover, nobody with a higher allowance than seven has ever won the Jubilee Vase. The Calcutta Cup, when it was a singles instead of a foursome tournament, was once won, in 1885, by a golfer in receipt of twelve, but otherwise the non-scratch men who won had all single-figure handicaps, and generally low ones at that. Now, the enormous mass of golfers have double-figure handicaps. If there ever is a revolution, they will be the people to make it, and the statistics that I have given seem to show that they have still some cause for seething unrest.

On the other hand, they have this consolation. When it comes to medal play under handicap the exact converse of what I have laid down as to match play is true. Any individual one of them will probably suffer severely from medal fever, take a nine here and a ten there and ultimately tear up his card with the remark that he cannot conceive why he is ever fool enough to indulge in so refined a form of torture. But one or two out of the throng will avoid the bunkers, hole their putts and return scores that are beyond the scratch man's reach. If we look at the list, the scratch men are generally fairly well up—third or fourth or even second maybe—but at the very top is the name of someone with a handicap in the teens who has done eighty-something this time and might do a hundred and something to-morrow.

It is, I think, a little surprising that no club in this country has, so far as I know, instituted a tournament on the principle on which so many match-play tournaments are played in America. There the whole field begins by playing a qualifying round or rounds by score play. Next, the players are divided, according to these scores, into sixteens—first sixteen, second sixteen and so on down to fifth and sixth. Then each sixteen proceeds to play off a little match-play tournament on its own account. There are no handicaps, but each player, by means of the qualifying round, finds, roughly speaking, his own level and, therefore, opponents with whom he can contend on even terms. Of course, now and then it happens that a "crackerjack," owing to some fearful disaster in his medal round, finds himself in a sixteen much below his merits, and may be something of a triton among minnows when he gets there. But, on the whole, the system works very well.

BERNARD DARWIN.



**A**SINGULAR obscurity pervades the antecedents and building of Culverthorpe. Lying as it does between Sleaford and Grantham, yet several miles from a main road, it has escaped the attention of most travellers and would-be historians, so that the outside information to be found concerning it is excessively meagre. Lincolnshire, moreover, has never produced a historian of the calibre of Hasted or Ormerod, nor do those diligent societies, which in other parts of the country have achieved such invaluable results, appear to have flourished very freely in Lincolnshire. The reason is not easy to see, for Lincolnshire is far from being what Henry VIII called it—"our most brute and beastly shire." This vagueness, though, has many advantages. Such an absence of knowledge imparts an element of adventure; plains so uncharted present a certain enchantment for the stranger who sets out to cross them—as a yokel who has lost his memory becomes an object of interest which he never was while he retained his senses.

Possibly it is slightly vindictive to blame Culverthorpe for obscurity. But it is a remarkable house, and such a comparatively imposing number of facts is known about its inhabitants that the silence as to the building is all the more disappointing.

It is, however, clear that there are three distinct phases of building here. The first, which seems itself to be made up of an earlier and later, is now chiefly represented by two blocks of buildings which lie flanking, and at right angles to,

the entrance front, one of which is seen in Fig. 5. This one would suggest a late sixteenth century date, while the opposite one, which is similar in general form, shows a more deliberate design, and contains two massive arched doorways more likely to be of mid-seventeenth century date than earlier. A common feature to both old blocks and to the later main one is the traditional form of the chimneys. The two great stacks on the house are well seen in Fig. 1. It is a form common along the Gloucester - Northampton - Huntingdon - Lincolnshire line of quarries, which produced a stone that may with every truth be said to have begotten a style. This form of chimney stack was adopted by Inigo Jones and Webb, and in more plinth-like shape is visible on the roofs of Thorpe, Belton, Uffington, Burley-on-the-Hill and innumerable other houses of the late seventeenth century.

The second phase of building appears also to be of two periods, c. 1679 and c. 1700, to the former of which we may ascribe the garden front and the general form of the entire house as it exists to-day. But embodied in this existing structure are remains of the sixteenth century building of no mean extent. The indications of its existence, though, are so slight that it would be impossible for a reconstruction to be anything but entirely conjectural. It would seem, then, that in the middle of the seventeenth century Culverthorpe, or Thorpe, or Hatherthorpe, as it was indifferently called, was a Jacobean or Late Elizabethan house flanked on either side by office buildings which were yet in no way connected with itself—one containing



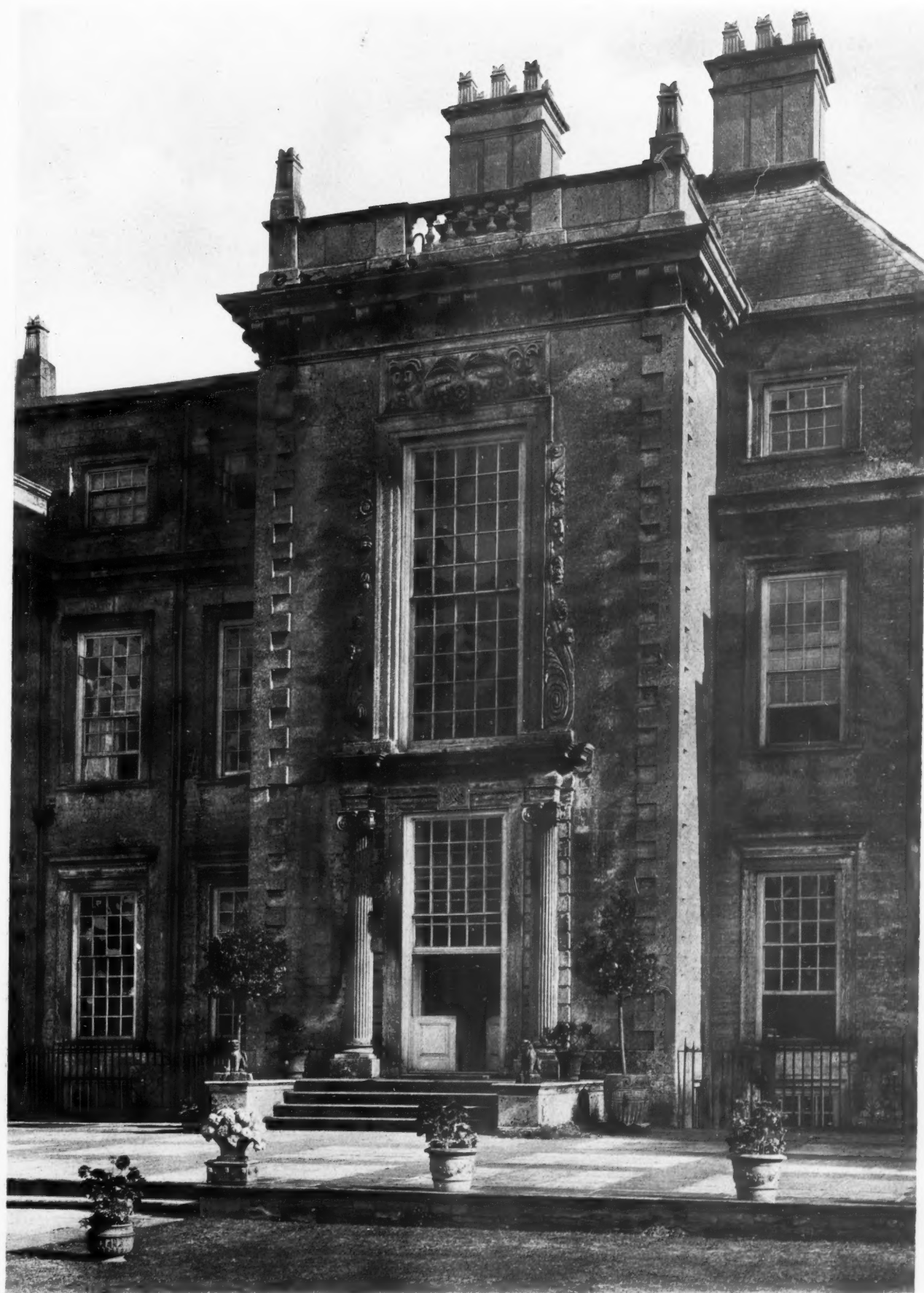
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1.—THE ENTRANCE FRONT.

Faced before 1743, possibly influenced by the building of Holkham.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

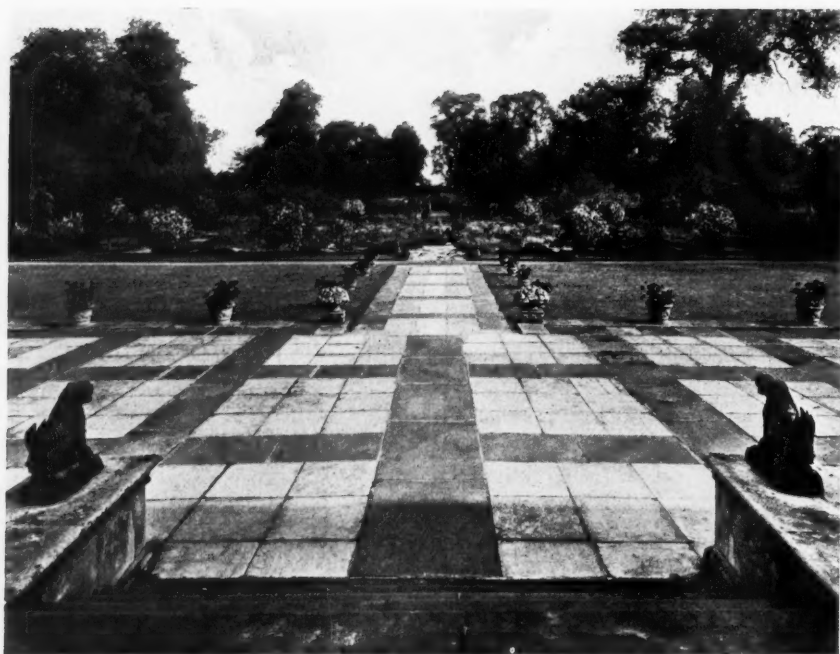




Copyright.

2.—THE GREAT WINDOW ON THE GARDEN FRONT, ADMIRABLE IN DETAIL AND IN ITS LINKING TOGETHER OF THE FACADE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

3.—THE TERRACE FROM THE GARDEN DOOR.

"C.L."



Copyright.

4.—IRONWORK, CIRCA 1691, FROM THE CHAPEL.

"C.L."



5.—ONE OF THE XVI CENTURY RANGES IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE.

the stables, the other the brewhouse and such. Then the central block was remodelled in *c.* 1679.

The third phase has few more definite indications, whether of date or of extent. Its intent, however, is depicted in an engraving of Badslades of about 1735-40 of the south front, showing the William and Mary block refaced, as it is to-day, and flanked by two palladian pavilions (instead of the old cottages which have disappeared in the picture) connected up by colonnades. Now, it is quite certain that these pavilions—which were intended to replace the old buildings as stables and offices—were never built, from the very existence of the old buildings to-day. That they were actually designed, however, is highly probable, as the first demi-columns of the colonnades and a few inches of architrave project from the face of either end wall of the house—where they can be seen in Fig. 7.

This work, intended and executed, is not at first sight very distinct from the earlier, as the two styles—separated only by some fifty years—harmonise perfectly; nor is it possible to say with complete confidence that the work of either period was restricted to one façade or the other. Broadly speaking, however, the north or garden front is of Sir John Newton's time, *c.* 1679, and the southern front, together with the projected pavilions, of Sir Michael Newton's, between 1734 and 1743.

The Newtons had not long possessed Culverthorpe—only, it would seem, from the middle of the century. A family of Bussy was seated there during the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries, of whom in 1610 Sir Edmund Bussy seems to have mortgaged part of the Culverthorpe property to one William Lister. His son, Miles Bussy, succeeded in paying off the mortgage, but that is all we hear until 1658, when William Lister is engaged in letting the house and property of Culverthorpe for twenty-one years, at a rent of £21. If the tenant remained in occupancy for the whole of his tenure, the Newtons cannot have entered into possession of the place till about 1679. They had, however, resided in the neighbourhood for a good many years. Of Welsh origin, according to the genealogists, Newtons were being buried at Haydor or Hather, which is the same as Culverthorpe, as early as 1559, the date when the registers begin. Similarly, they appear at Colsterworth, to the south of Grantham, in the year of the registers' commencement—1571. It was in the latter parish church that that ornament of his age and nation, Sir Isaac, was christened, his father, Isaac Newton, being lord of the manor of Wolstrobe in that parish. The Newtons of Hather and Culverthorpe and those of Wolstrobe had a common origin in one John Newton of Westby, Lincolnshire, who lived in the first half of the sixteenth century. He had a son and heir, John, who purchased the Wolstrobe estate; and a grandson by a younger son, William Newton of Gunnerby. William's son Thomas died in 1640, and his widow was buried at Haydor in 1649. John Newton, their son and heir, was born in 1626, and in 1661 succeeded, by a special limitation, his distant relative as second baronet of Barr's Court, Gloucestershire,





Copyright.

6.—THE GARDEN FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

In the main of Charles II date, the wings replaced and the central bay later.

where he died in 1699. He was for twenty-five years Member for Grantham and, it seems likely, built a considerable portion of the house at Culverthorpe. He was succeeded by his son John Newton, who married, first, Abigail Heveningham and was left a widower by her in 1686, when he married again, probably fairly soon, Susannah, daughter and heiress of Michael Warton, M.P. for Beverley and possessor of an extensive property there. This Sir John Newton is known to have

commissioned the painting of the staircase in 1704. He died in 1734, leaving by his first wife an only daughter, Cary, who married Edward Coke of Norfolk and was mother of the first Lord Leicester, builder of Holkham, who was thus "step-nephew" to Sir Michael Newton, Sir John's son by his second marriage. It is from a brother of the first Earl of Leicester—who, it will be remembered, had begun Holkham in 1734 and had partly finished it in 1744—that we get our solitary reference

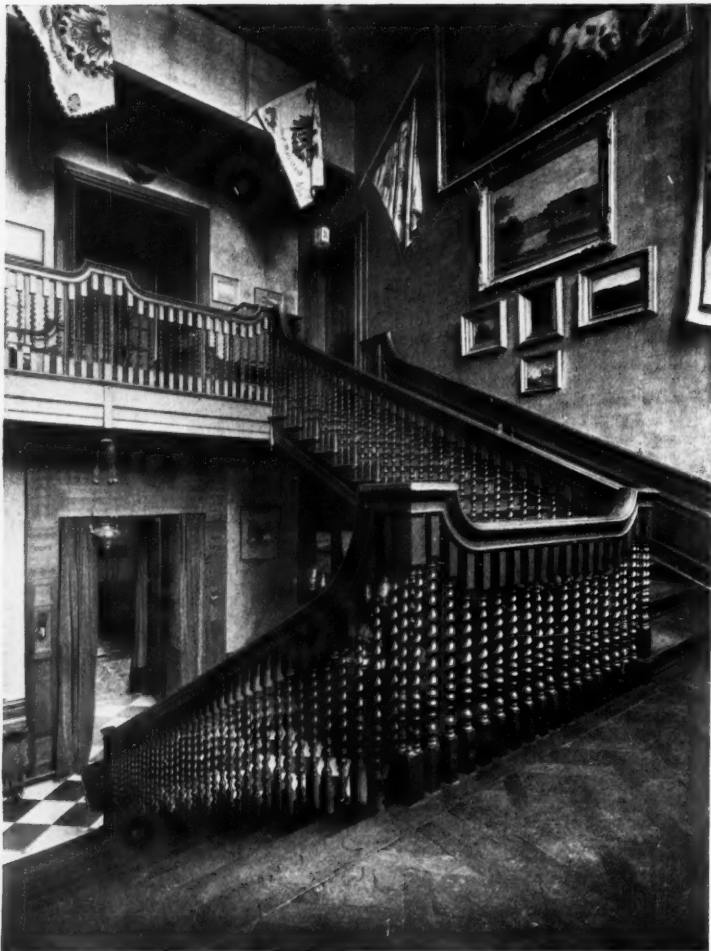


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7.—AN OBLIQUE VIEW OF THE GARDEN FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





8.—THE STAIRCASE, FORMERLY WITH PAINTED WALLS.



Copyright.

9.—LOOKING UP TO THE WINDOW.

"C.L."

from outside as to the building of Culverthorpe. There is a letter of 1734 addressed to Sir Michael from Robert Coke, congratulating him on the greatly improved appearance of Culverthorpe. Thus in the very year of his succession Sir Michael Newton was carrying out alterations which were, very likely, terminated by his premature death nine years later, and were, therefore, undertaken at exactly the same time as Kent's vast works at his nephew's Holkham.

These works were, as we have said, principally on the entrance front (Fig. 1), which we will deal with next week. The garden front, with its curious elevation of ascending blocks, is centred on the truly magnificent staircase window supported by the fluted Ionic columns of the door below. This piece of composition (Fig. 2) is unique and one of the most exquisite detailed conceptions of its period. Complete in itself (isolated, and it retains its dignity and proportion), it yet contrives to harmonise with the rest of the front; indeed, to draw it all together.

On the two side walls of this projection are flattened and blocked-up window spaces at the levels of those on the main block. Now these apertures can never have been used with the present staircase, as, for instance, the attic windows would be blocked up by the present coved ceiling. The mere fact of their existence blocked up, however, indicates that the great window and its supporting doorway are later insertions. On a tablet on the architrave of the door can be seen the anagram of the builder. This appears to contain the initials J.S.N., for John and Susannah Newton, who married soon after 1686 and succeeded to Culverthorpe in 1699. By 1704 the interior of this projection had been painted by Lewis Handuoy for £160. A number of letters are in existence to Sir John Newton from his agent and gardener at Culverthorpe, from the year 1690 onwards. This Sir John was, of course, the old man till 1699, though possibly his son, with a new wife, was given the use of this secondary place, and proceeded to add an imposing staircase to the house his father had contrived out of the old manor buildings.

The nature of that earlier Newton building is uncertain. The centre block—clearly earlier than the staircase bay—would date, with its steep pitched roof and prominent chimney stacks, from the beginning of the Newton ownership, probably about 1679. It was an advance upon many other buildings of that type in that the main walls were carried up to contain the windows of the attic floor, although the principals of the roof necessitated the windows at either corner being dummies. In the centre of this front there was always a projecting bay, but it was plainer than the one existing now. As to the flanking wings, on the entrance front they bear the touch of Kent and Sir Michael of 1734. The window frames of the end walls (east and west) are also Georgian; but on the garden front the windows share the character of those in the centre block, which were brought up to date by Sir John, the third baronet, about 1700. It seems probable, therefore, that this Newton is partly responsible for the wings and for the reconstitution of that central bay in the angles of which still exist practicable chimney flues, suggesting that prior to his alterations it contained apartments. The balustrading round the wings is of Sir Michael's time. The form of the balusters on the centre bay, however, is more sturdy than that of those on the wings, and is, therefore, probably of Sir John's 1700 work.

Whether Sir John, third baronet, ever intended to extend the scheme of his bay across the whole garden front is uncertain. Every detail in the mouldings of his bay is different from those on the main carcass. The upright modillions of the cornice, in fact, are most elaborately carved in scales and acanthus leaves, and are similar in form to those at Heythrop, designed by Archer in 1704-5. In that place they are also confined to sections of the house which it was sought to emphasise.

Heythrop is generally considered to be Archer's first work. It is just possible, however, that this bay may conceivably be an early work by the

designer of the much criticised church in Smith's Square before he was seriously affected by Vanbrugh, for there is genealogical evidence that Archer and the Newtons may have been in the same "circle." The mother of Sir John, third baronet, who built this bay, was a Miss Eyre, who died in 1712. Susannah Newton, the third baronet's daughter, eventually married another Eyre (related to her grandmother), who about 1700 assumed the name of Archer in compliance with the will of John Archer of Coopersale and Welford, Berks, eldest son of Sir John Archer, a relative of the Eyres. Archer, the architect, was member of a Warwickshire branch of the family, but it is not uninteresting to speculate whether this connection—and many intimate social relations leave no documentary evidence—may not have brought Archer to Culverthorpe.

Whoever did design this bay was no mean architect. The accentuated quoins and cornice prepare us for the change in form which is presented by the great window. Everything is subservient to that. The columns support it; the restrained knots of carving in the panel above it droop gently over it; and, most uncommon indeed, knots of fruit and flowers burgeon upon the surround of it. The whole conception is deliciously unconventional and fresh; and, though it is obviously an addition, its presence raises the tone of, and its exuberance gives life to, all the rest of the building.

Of the same period are the panels of fine wrought-ironwork at present embodied in the palings of the area (Fig. 4). These were obviously designed for interior use, and when we are told that Sir John, in 1691, built a little chapel with an Ionic façade like a Renaissance church or temple and that it was demolished over a century ago, save for the said façade which closes a vista down a garden walk, we at once can see that they were the altar rails—two long panels forming the main partitions, while two shorter ones were the gates to the altar steps.

The only portion of the interior with which we shall deal this week is the staircase. This was probably erected nearer about 1700, though, as we have noticed all along, there is no definite evidence. The inset panels in the risers is a little detail always charming and not uncommon at this period; the character of the work is very close to that at Burley-on-the-Hill—not many miles away—where Lord Nottingham was building his own house from 1695 onwards. The painting-work at Burley-on-the-Hill was executed between 1708 and 1711 by Lanscroun. That at Culverthorpe, which is not far off, before 1704, by Lewis Hauduroy. The walls are now void of any paint, but the ceiling still remains in moderate preservation. From the contract which survives we can, however, reconstruct the subjects which clothed the walls in some detail, which suggests Sir John to have been a methodical man. Lewis Hauduroy, limner, was—

in good sufficient and workmanlike manner, according to the drawings the said L. Hauduroy had done, obliged to paint the history of Psyche and on the ceiling to be the marriage of Psyche with all her lovers; on the other great side right against this, is to represent a sacrifice by Psyche's father to Apollo, where the architecture is to be coloured marble; the capital and base of the columns and all the ornaments of the cornice are to be painted with right gold; in one of the great sides under the great picture is a bas-relief of Psyche with the goddess

Ceres; at the side of the window is to be ornaments of children . . . and at the side where one goes into the appartments there is to be at the bottom 2 perspectives, and a bas-relief on the top of the door; and on top at the first storey is to be painted an order of architecture with 2 niches and 2 statues within them, with a bas-relief on top of the door; all to be of the history of Psyche. For the assurance of the execution of the work, the said Lewis Hauduroy is obliged to represent his drawings for that effect; when the work is finished with, the said



10.—THE MORNING-ROOM CHIMNEYPIECE. CIRCA 1734.



Copyright.

11.—AN EARLY GEORGIAN CHIMNEYPIECE. "COUNTRY LIFE."

drawings will be signed at the back-side by Sir John Newton, who has agreed . . . for the sum of £160.

This Sir John does not seem to have taken that prominent part in politics that his father did, but he had a house in Soho Square—on the west side, seven doors down from Charles Street. And he must have been a man of position, marrying



his daughter to the wealthy Edward Coke of Holkham, and breeding a son who did equally well for himself, as we shall see next week. When, therefore, his cousin Isaac wrote to him it was with some deference. As a matter of fact, Isaac was of a senior, though less prosperous, branch of the family. The degree of intimacy between the two is indicated by the following letter, written in 1707 on the occasion of Coke's death:

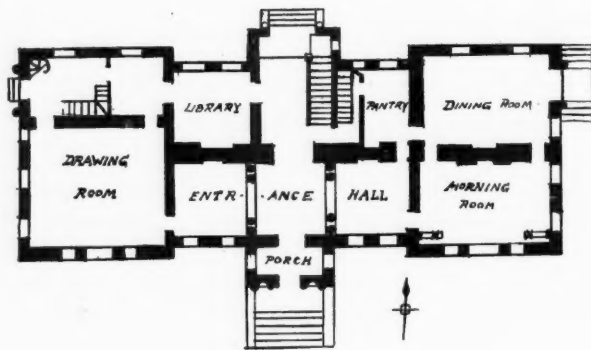
Sir John,—

I was very much surprised at the notice of Mr. Cook's death, brought me this morning by the bearer (of this letter) who, being an undertaker, came to me to desire that he might be employed in furnishing things for your funeral. He . . . married a kinswoman of mine. I had an opinion that my cousin was not in danger, though weak, which makes my concern the greater for the loss.

I am

Your affectionate kinsman  
and most humble servant  
IS. NEWTON.

The Culverthorpe Newtons thus seem to have been on most familiar terms with their poorer cousin. In another letter he



12.—GROUND FLOOR PLAN.

apologises for having been prevented from waiting on them and promising, on their return to London from Lincolnshire, "to endeavour by frequenter visits to make amends for the defect of them at present." CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

## DOG TRAINING BY AMATEURS

### XII.—TEACHING TO FOLLOW A LAID LINE.

AN ordinary drag line is useless for training dogs, this being a fact which I discovered many years ago by sheer accident. My son had duly laid the line, but, misunderstanding my directions, had deposited the bird which had to be retrieved in the wrong place. Judge, then, of my amazement when the puppy, after running the whole length of the trail with absolute precision, neglected the bird whose odours were supposed to be the attraction and proceeded straight to my son, who had withdrawn to a spot a safe distance away, and down-wind, and claimed him. The dog had been following the human scent all the way and not that of the bird which had been so carefully trailed over the ground surface.

The remedy for this confusion of scents is to use a double tow line, a 200yds. length of self-binder twine serving the purpose admirably. The assistant takes one end and walks 100yds. down-wind, the trainer then attaching the bird to the centre, after which the assistant continues to walk until the whole length of line separates them. Then they tow the bird midway between them across the new ground, as it were in the manner of a barge with tow lines from either bank. The towers may pursue a zigzag course, they can at times actually lift the bird off the ground, carrying it aloft for a distance and dropping it again when the break in the scent trail is judged to introduce sufficient difficulty. When a suitable length of track has been laid the trainer drops his end of the line and the assistant hauls in and detaches the bird. In this way an absolutely pure trail of shot game, replacing that of Jane, the duck, can be laid over the selected piece of ground, its direction being an approximate right angle with the wind. The assistant, who has already been provided with a second bird, then deposits it at the end of the trail, the towed bird having become sufficiently dragged and contaminated to discourage its further use; finally, he withdraws out of sight and down-wind.

When the pupil is taken to the spot where the true drag began, he encounters as nearly a natural line of scent as can be artificially

produced. Moreover, reward follows as a certainty from industrious searching, hence more can be taught this way in a week than during a month in the shooting field. How many of us are there who cannot call to mind the case of a puppy which, with everything in favour, finds a runner at his first attempt and is a made dog from that moment? Perhaps, it is a partridge which has taken off down a drill in a potato field, the puppy, by following up quickly, catching a hot scent, so finding his first bird and learning right away what is expected. I can call many instances to mind where a dog has never looked back afterwards. On the other hand, what a lot of less fortunate puppies there are which have lived through weeks of confusing experience, all for want of the conditions which practically compel the successful result.

Where the artificially laid line is so valuable is in the absence of all shooting distraction and the accompanying necessity for expeditious gathering. The pupil can thus be taught to rely on his own efforts, to puzzle out the line unassisted by the handler, who, in the circumstances considered, will withhold help unless it is absolutely imperative. Even in the shooting field no greater mistake can be made—yet none is more common—than to attract the dog's attention and so get his head up, just because his handler or someone else has seen the bird running in front. It does not help the dog and is far more likely to hinder. A dog knows the direction well enough when once he has gained the line, and is not likely to try back of the spot where its continuity has been broken. Lift him—those dogs that are used to the process responding quickly—and when the line is again struck the pupil is just as likely to run it back as forwards, especially if the wind favours the wrong course.

Far better leave the dog to work out the problem alone, and, although at first failures may result, the right method has been inculcated, so that later successes compensate many times over for initial mishaps. When all is said, the chief accomplishment required in a dog is to find birds of which nobody knows the whereabouts. Why, therefore, confuse



A TRAIL BEING LAID WITH A RABBIT.  
The distances are reduced for photography.



him by offers of assistance which, at the best, can seldom be rendered, yet come to be expected when once the pernicious aid has been given? Is there anything in the whole realm of sport to equal the blood-tingling sensation of seeing your dog get a really good runner? To myself this affords higher satisfaction than bringing off a dozen successful shots, and the same view is, I am sure, held by most other dog lovers; but, alas! how few shooting men in these days thoroughly appreciate good dog work.

Another, a simpler and, perhaps, an even better method of laying a drag line free of human scent, lacking, however, the difficulty of the zigzag course, is also worked in connection with the thrower. Some sixty or more yards of self-binder twine is laid along the desired route, and this a considerable time before the lesson is due to begin, in order that it may lose any human scent it may have gathered in the process of handling. The time to begin having arrived, a dead bird is attached to the string at the thrower end, the assistant then going by a circuitous course to the other extremity, where he draws in the line and deposits a fresh bird where the drag ends. Meanwhile a scentless wood block has been placed in the thrower, so that all is now ready. The trainer and pupil then proceed to the firing point, the cord is pulled, the wood block flies into the



DEPOSITING THE SPARE RABBIT AT THE END OF THE TRAIL.

preferred, though all possible use has perforce to be made of the specimens obtained. The trainer is, therefore, accompanied in his expedition by one of the more advanced of his pupils, which retrieves in the first instance. A brace having been obtained—usually a pair of old birds for the benefit of the shoot—all haste is made back so that they may be used while still warm.

As the strings have already been laid, the bird is attached to one of them, the detour made, the haul-in effected, the second bird deposited, and the pupil fetched from his kennel. The



GOING OUT TO THE FALL.

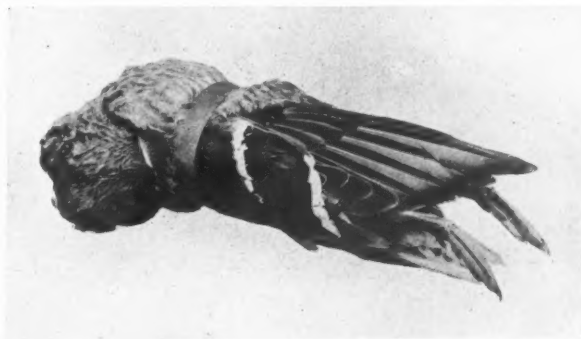
air and is saluted with blank. Thus all has happened the same as previously, except that the red-hot scent has been laid by hauling in a previously laid and therefore untainted line, and that over a course which has not been recently traversed by human species. The pupil runs out to the fall and, as before, instead of finding the dummy, comes across a trail of scent which he proceeds to follow up, being finally rewarded with discovery of the bird—all of which proves to his understanding that every industriously followed track of wounded beast or bird is furnished with its prize when the end is reached. The puppy having done well, he enjoys the further satisfaction of receiving several good pats and the various fussing which is usual on such occasions. Here, again, the bird which has been dragged along the line is discarded in favour of the fresh one which is held in reserve for the actual retrieve; for, obviously, the whole effect would be spoilt if the pupil hesitated in the pick-up. As before recommended, on no account should the trainer omit to encase wings and head with a rubber band in order to promote the body grip, the illustration showing how closely a bird so treated resembles the dummy. One such run is sufficient, but if it can be repeated two or three times with fresh material, so much the better. To those who have never attempted this sort of thing let me say, "Try it, and you will find the result surprising."

During the close season starlings suffice for laying the trail, but when shooting has begun partridges are naturally to be



HE FINDS THE RABBIT.

thrower is not a necessity, though always an advantage, as bringing things nearer to natural conditions. However, in my own case there are four of them and as many strings laid as pupils in need of the instruction, the same brace of birds being repeatedly used, though never for the same dog. In drawing the bird through the herbage it is necessary to pull in slowly so as to offer every opportunity for the scent to "lay." One final word of warning. Do not repeat this lesson too



A DUCK MADE COMPACT BY ENCIRCLING IT WITH A RUBBER BAND.

frequently, since to do so would encourage the puppy to believe that he must always follow a line before coming upon his game. The changes can be rung by starting the track a little wide of where the block falls, but in any case four or five runs are quite

sufficient to implant the confidence necessary for following the line of a natural runner. Finally, these scent trail practice are best postponed till the eve of introduction to the real thing.

R. SHARPE.

## STYLE IN LITERATURE

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Fancies versus Fads, by G. K. Chesterton. (Methuen, 6s.)

More Prejudice, by A. B. Walkley. (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.)

**D**URING the last two centuries there has been no topic more frequently discussed than that of style in literature, and yet it is as little understood as it was at the beginning. Only, as it were, in odd moments when this or that country happens to bring forth a supreme critic—a German Goethe, a French Voltaire, an English Matthew Arnold—has there been any great distinction made between the great and the extremely petty in literature. A result of the cheapening of the daily and evening papers and the general spread of a very superficial intelligence has been the creation of a surging tide of readers whose discrimination goes no farther than is possible to their own uneducated minds. The three books placed at the head of this article are well adapted to illustrate the meaning of what is being said. The first place is, naturally, given to John Ruskin. Probably, nine-tenths of the best readers of the day would place him first among stylists. There is, at any rate, very little room for questioning the judgment of Mr. A. C. Benson, the chooser of these selections, when he says that "it is on his merits as a writer and a moralist that his ultimate fame will probably be based." Now, in this sentence it will be seen that much in the career of Ruskin is silently discarded. Nothing is said of his politics, though he meant "The Ethics of the Dust" to be a handbook of politics; nothing is said of his being an architectural authority, although "Stones of Venice," which in many respects is his greatest, is a work of architecture; nothing is said of his art criticism, although he considered himself the discoverer of Turner. Thus the editor of the volume has taken a strong and decided line. He has scrapped so much that there seems little left. Seeming, however, is often deceiving. There is left, after all else is taken away, the individuality of the man. Now, it was not a great, far-reaching, wide-embracing individuality; no one would compare the sympathies of John Ruskin with those that accounted for the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, *Hamlet* and *As you Like It*. The commonplace, workaday world of Fielding was out of his ken; and, in spite of his inherited adoration of Sir Walter Scott, his appreciation of the Waverley Novels is extremely—one might almost say drolly—narrow. Yet, when all this is said in apparent appreciation, there remains the fact that Ruskin was "entirely honest," a true inheritor of his father whom he described as an "entirely honest merchant." His whims and theories, inconsistencies and self-contradictions are plain to every eye, yet they never cause the reader to doubt his sincerity. Mr. Benson very fairly says of his style that it was "strongly affected by his familiarity with Dr. Johnson's writing, stately, formal and verbose, logical in manner, full of antithesis, and resembling perhaps a species of cogent and dignified oratory." He preceded this by describing his style as one of "immense range and variety." This stock phrase is conventionally, that is to say inaccurately, applied. It could be said of a supreme writer, such as Shakespeare, for instance, whose style ranged over nearly all the territories covered by the intellect of man; but what amount of country was barred to Ruskin! He had very little humour; he knew nothing of poverty or the poor beyond what a missionary might find out; the passion and beauty of love he spoke of as one inexperienced. Above all, he was not creative, not original in the right and strong meaning of the word. On the other hand, he was sincere and he was ingenious. In such passages as that from "Modern Painters," in which he analyses what he calls "The Pathetic Fallacy," he shows at his best as a thinker touched with emotion, but his imagination falls short of realising what is the most poignant feeling rising out of "The Pathetic Fallacy." However the earth and all belonging to it may be loved, they give no return; the winds, the waves, the seas, the hills and the heather, meadows, plains, and rivers go on their way utterly indifferent to the being who almost worships them—a moral that scarcely needs drawing at a time when Nature at one fell swoop has made havoc of one of the most active, promising and ambitious countries in the world. A passage in which Ruskin is seen at his best is that on "The Imperfection of All Good Art," in "Stones of Venice." It certainly requires understanding, but rewards it. Only the

shallow will be content with the mere gibe in the sentence "Of human work none but what is bad can be perfect, in its own bad way"; but the true artist who has strained soul and body to attain to some faint glimmer of perfection will recognise the deep truth in the saying.

It is changing the key with a vengeance to turn from Ruskin to Mr. G. K. Chesterton, yet the two are not without common factors. Mr. Chesterton's individuality is a very different one from that of the author of "Modern Painters," but, like him, he is true to it. He is a manly, laughing genius who is full to the brim with all kinds of prejudices, limitations and shortsightedness, which he is not at all in the habit of hiding, but his very sincerity takes away any idea of offence in a world which has become, perhaps, rather too tolerant of adverse opinion. At bottom, too, there is far more common-sense and sound judgment than might be expected from the turgidity of the argument. His attitude to Free Verse as exemplified in the first chapter of his book, "The Romance of Rhyme," is perfectly sound, and, though the essay is spoilt by verbosity, it has several examples of a very fine discriminating judgment. We give the passage at some length:

Milton prefaced "Paradise Lost" with a ponderous condemnation of rhyme. And perhaps the finest and even the most familiar line in the whole of "Paradise Lost" is really a glorification of rhyme. "Seasons return, but not to me return," is not only an echo that has all the ring of rhyme in its form, but it happens to contain nearly all the philosophy of rhyme in its spirit. The wonderful word "return" has, not only in its sound but in its sense, a hint of the whole secret of song. It is not merely that its very form is a fine example of a certain quality in English, somewhat similar to that which Mrs. Meynell admirably analysed in one of her last beautiful essays, in the case of words like "unforgiven." It is that it describes poetry itself, not only in a mechanical, but a moral sense. Song is not only a recurrence, it is a return. It does not merely, like the child in the nursery, take pleasure in seeing the wheels go round.

It is a long quotation, and Mr. Chesterton really deserves chastisement for not putting it in a twentieth part of the space, but he goes on hacking at his own first line for as much again as there is in our extract. If brevity is really the soul of wit, there is not much wit in all this.

In Mr. A. B. Walkley we come to still another writer who differs as chalk from cheese from the other two mentioned, and yet shares their quality of being "entirely honest" and sincere. A. B. W., however, is only a luxury to take with your coffee. We all owe him unending gratitude for the pleasantness with which his ingenuity has helped to enliven the breakfast hour, but to bring him under serious criticism would be like breaking a butterfly on a wheel. Mr. Walkley's style is perfect for its purpose, but he is ill advised when he tries to wield the pen of Jonathan Swift or John Bunyan. He is amusing even then, but the amusement is that of seeing a winsome child playing with its father's gun.

The Book of Lovat Claud Fraser, by Haldane Macfall. (Dent 25s.)

CLAUD LOVAT FRASER was the name by which the hero of this pleasant book was known to the world, but the other was the order of his christening. Mr. Macfall was for many years his intimate friend, from the time when he left Charterhouse and hovered uncertain before law, literature, art and caricature. "That I championed him," says the author, "when there was none to give him praise is my sole excuse for adding to the literature that is arising about his dandified wayfaring." No artist has caught the public's secret desire so completely, mounted it and galloped it to its fullest stretch in so short a time in living memory. Lovat's was a supreme example of the cultured, joyous mind that might have turned to anything, but which, without real training, created, or rather gave expression to, a public taste. His art is obviously based on the "Bickerstaffs" (Pryde and Nicholson), at first stimulated by Max Beerbohm's, and later much affected by Bakst. But any influence that floated in the air was incorporated if it helped decoration. Here we see him simply through Mr. Macfall's eyes, those of an elder brother; and the book bears on every page some reed pen trifle typically Lovat's. A set of early designs for a play never produced are reproduced in colour and show how the "If" designs began. It is not a serious biography, but a series of sketches as full of colour as his own drawings.

Without Justification, by Mrs. Victor Rickard. (Cape, 7s. 6d.)

MRS. VICTOR RICKARD is one of the few authors to whose latest book you can always turn with the comfortable certainty that it will be a good one. *Without Justification* will sustain her reputation. It is one of those books in which the problem set—an interesting problem enough, but one of those which least justify the reviewer who gives them away—is not so important as the people whom it affects and the scene



in which it is worked out. Three men friends—Raymond, Julius and Christian—who meet again after many years, and Hilda Challis, the fine, unhappy, lovable girl whom each in his own fashion learns to love, are the *dramatis personæ*, with Lady Alicia Carstairs and her delightful husband and her aggravating aunt in minor rôles. The country around St. Malo, with its wide skies and changing seas, forms the background. It is a book which lingers in the memory as a very clear impression after more stirring stories are well on the way to being forgotten.

### SOME BOOKS OF THE DAY.

(Reference is made in this column to all books received and does not, of course, preclude the publication of a further notice in COUNTRY LIFE.)

THE two volumes of *Embassies of Other Days* (Hutchinson, 42s.), by Walburga Lady Paget, will be chosen by many people as the book of this particular moment. Lady Paget was known at one time as the only person who could make Moltke laugh. Her memoirs, written during the years 1883 to 1893 and published exactly as they were written, have special value and interest as recording the opinions held at that time by a woman who had every opportunity of meeting her great contemporaries, many of them names of historic significance to the generation of to-day. The second volume of "The Green Jacket"—*The Annals of the King's Royal Rifle Corps*—(John Murray, 30s.), by Lieutenant-Colonel Lewis Butler, appears after an interval of about ten years. The cause of the delay is obvious and the volume well worth waiting for. *Myself and Others* (Hutchinson, 16s.) is the biography of Miss Jessie Millward, edited by Mr. J. B. Booth.

*Fancies versus Fads* (Methuen, 6s.), by Mr. G. K. Chesterton, is reviewed elsewhere in these pages, as is also Dr. A. C. Benson's *Selections from Ruskin* (Cambridge University Press, 7s. 6d. net). *The Last Secrets, the Final Mysteries of Exploration* (Nelson, 5s.) is a broad account of its subject, by Mr. John Buchan. *Aromatics and the Soul: A Study of Smells* (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.), by Dr. Dan McKenzie, has all the promise of a combination of science and imagination directed upon a seldom-explored topic which is yet of interest to everyone. *The Conquest of Cancer* (Bell and Sons, 3s. 6d.) is by Dr. Robert Bell. Mr. D. H. Lawrence follows up his previous volume on psychology with *Fantasia of the Unconscious* (Secker, 10s. 6d.).

*Quito to Bogota* (Hodder and Stoughton, 10s. 6d.) is another important volume by Mr. C. A. Veatch. From Mr. John Murray, at seven shillings and sixpence, comes the cheap edition of a book which it is a most happy thing to see made accessible to a large public, *Scott's Last Expedition*, with a biographical introduction by Sir James Barrie. We have also received the *New Guide to Oxford and District* (Ward

Lock, 2s.), as reliable as the guides produced by these publishers always are—and, by the by, what a lot of attention from authors Oxford has received during the last few months. *Foundations of Agricultural Economics* (Cambridge University Press, 16s.) is by Mr. J. A. Venn, and shall, as it deserves, provide the text of a longer reference very soon. A very jolly little book about the way in which dreams may be made to come true in the most practical fashion is *The House You Want* (COUNTRY LIFE, 2s. 6d.), by Mr. R. Randal Phillips. *Small Electric Lighting Sets* (Munro, Glasgow), by Mr. C. F. Caunter, R.E., is another volume which will appeal somewhat to the same public. *The Art of the Table* (Ward Lock, 3s. 6d.), by the excellent Mr. C. Herman Senn, will prove to those whose house is already built and being lived in, a trusty guide to all matters connected with good catering and pleasant service.

*Moordius and Company* (Lane, 7s. 6d.), a new novel by Mr. William J. Locke, not quite at his happiest, but happy enough to charm many a faithful reader—but more as to that—adorns the week's pile of fiction. Then there is *Kangaroo* (Secker, 7s. 6d.), by Mr. D. H. Lawrence, whose work I always approach with mingled pleasure and fear, as when one would attempt to stroke a beautiful but uncertain cat. *Mid-winter* (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.) is by Mr. John Buchan, who shares with Mr. Lawrence the distinction of having two books appearing practically at the same moment. Mrs. Edith Wharton gives us *A Son at the Front* (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.), as to which we are assured that, in spite of its title, it is not a war novel proper; and I, with the happiest memory of those uncommon and vividly felt stories contained in "Hungry Hearts," hail with joy *Salome of the Tenements* (T. Fisher Unwin, 7s. 6d.), by Anzia Yezierska. Two novels which promise well, both published by Messrs. Hutchinson at the usual price, are Lady Miles, *Stony Ground* and *Rosalind Claire*, by A. Maclean; while for those who love mystery and intrigue, *The Copper House* (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.), by Mr. Julius Regis, and *Leila Braddock* (Stanley Paul, 7s. 6d.), by J. A. T. Lloyd, both promise good reading. I have scanned the pages of *Flaming Youth* (Stanley Paul, 7s. 6d.), by Mr. Warner Fabian, and can fairly say that for the strength, length and frequency of the kisses described, I have as yet met few books to equal it. *From a Welsh Hill-side* (Black, 5s.) is a book of stories and sketches with a convincing atmosphere by John and Emily Pearson Finemore. A four and sixpenny edition of Vicente Blasco Ibañez's *Mare Nostrum* has reached us from Mr. Fisher Unwin. *Poems* (Secker, 6s.), by Miss Edna St. Vincent Millay are worth the interest of the lover of contemporary verse. *Curtis's Botanical Magazine*, Part IV, Vol. 148 (Witherby, 17s. 6d.). *The Illustrated Review* (Office, 1s.) for September, and *Conquest* (Wireless Press, 1s.), and that useful small guide to all the 'bus routes of the countryside, *Travel by Road* (Rieu and Wiley, 6d.) for September, are also acknowledged.

S.

## POT FRUIT TREES IN THE ORCHARD HOUSE

THE fruit garden is this year a place of tempered joy. The cloud of aphids which darkened the skies of June, the late spring frosts and, perhaps most of all, the cold and sunless summer of 1922, have left desolation in their train. Pears are almost everywhere a complete failure, apples, where they exist, show many small and malformed fruits, due to the aphid attack. Plums are few, and the trees often crippled by the same venomous insect.

Happy, therefore, the man who can turn into an orchard house of ripening fruit and console himself in some degree for his external losses. Here are gages ripening to their accustomed succulence, apples and pears whose size predestines them to the autumn show. Figs bring a touch of southern lands, peaches and nectarines rival the Golden Hesperidian apples. Thus may a covering of glass turn north to south.

Now let us dispel the idea that an orchard house is a luxury only to be afforded by the opulent. Firstly, no heat is needed for the fruits above named; indeed, they are all the better for flowering in a rather cool atmosphere. Secondly, the labour during the growing season is mainly confined to watering. Many of the needful cultural operations are a light and pleasant task which can easily be performed by the interested amateur.

At the time of flowering the orchard house is a place of irresistible attraction. The pure white of pear and plum, the rose pink of peach and

nectarine, and the carmine-shaded apple blossom make it a pleasant spot to linger in during April days. A cold wind may blow without, but the temperature even on a sunless day will be appreciably warmer "under glass."

The first and important operation of cross pollinating the flowers is thus carried out in pleasant conditions. The work consists of conveying the pollen of one variety, let us say of peach to another peach, from cherry to cherry, and so on, taking care always to use a different variety. The pollen can be carried by a small powder puff, or the more classic method of a rabbit's tail mounted on a short stick. Dust this lightly over the flowers when they are well expanded and when the anthers show their golden pollen. The pollen so gathered is then dusted on to the pistils of the other variety. A bright and dry day will be found to be one in which most pollen is present. A hive of bees in the house will take upon themselves this pleasant and profitable labour if desired. The necessity of this cross-pollination arises from the inability of many plants to set fruit with their own pollen.

The fruit being duly set, thinning becomes the next consideration, and this, again, is an interesting task for the amateur. This being done, watering and syringing are the only things required until gathering time, but this important matter cannot be dismissed with a phrase.

Nothing is more fatal to success than drought, and should



AN EARLY PEACH. THERE IS LITTLE DANGER OF FUNGUS UNDER GLASS, SO EVERY FRUIT IS PERFECT





APPLE REV. WILKES, BEARING A FINE CROP OF 23 APPLES.

peaches and nectarines once be neglected in watering it is almost impossible to get them over the check. Overhead syringing at evening is also necessary to check the red spider, the orchard house grower's *bête noir*. This is, however, the main insect trouble of trees under glass, after the usual spring attack of aphid is over, but this is easily dealt with by fumigation. Fungoid pests, such as the peach leaf blister, are seldom found under glass, and fruits are therefore seen in all their beauty immaculate.

The fruits which are most worthy of the orchard houses are peaches, nectarines, cherries and plums; it must be frankly allowed that the flavour of apples and pears is not improved under glass. They may be grown in small quantities for their decorative aspect in flower and fruit. The flavour of the stone fruits as named above is very greatly improved. What do they know of cherries who only Napoleons know? The tender-fleshed Guignes, such as Early Rivers, Waterloo and Black Tartarian, develop a flavour which comes as a revelation to most whose cherry wisdom is bred in the unripe Bigarreau.

So with plums; a "delicate haut gust" is developed far surpassing the fruit from the open. A choice selection of plums would be Early Transparent Gage, Kirkes, Old Transparent Gage, Green Gage, and, indeed, any of the gages. For peaches, Waterloo, Duke of York, Bellegarde, Peregrine, Noblesse and Prince of Wales will cover the season, and in nectarines, Cardinal, Lord Napier, Elruge, Pine Apple and Darwin will ensure a succession of choice fruit.

The trees after fruiting are stood out of doors to ripen off the wood, and here great care must be taken that water is not lacking. Drought in autumn is a frequent cause of bud dropping in spring. The house is then free and can be profitably used for chrysanthemums, as the fruit trees can stand outside until January or February, when they can be repotted, or this can be done as soon as the leaf falls. There is no need for giving an increased size in pot, trees will grow for twenty years or more in a 12in. pot, and require only a little refreshing of the soil and a slight removal of the outside root and very firm replanting.

The great crux is, of course, the flowering time, and too much air cannot be given at this period. Should a hot sunny period set in, as it often does, shading is desirable, as nothing is more lethal in flowering time and shortly after than great heat.

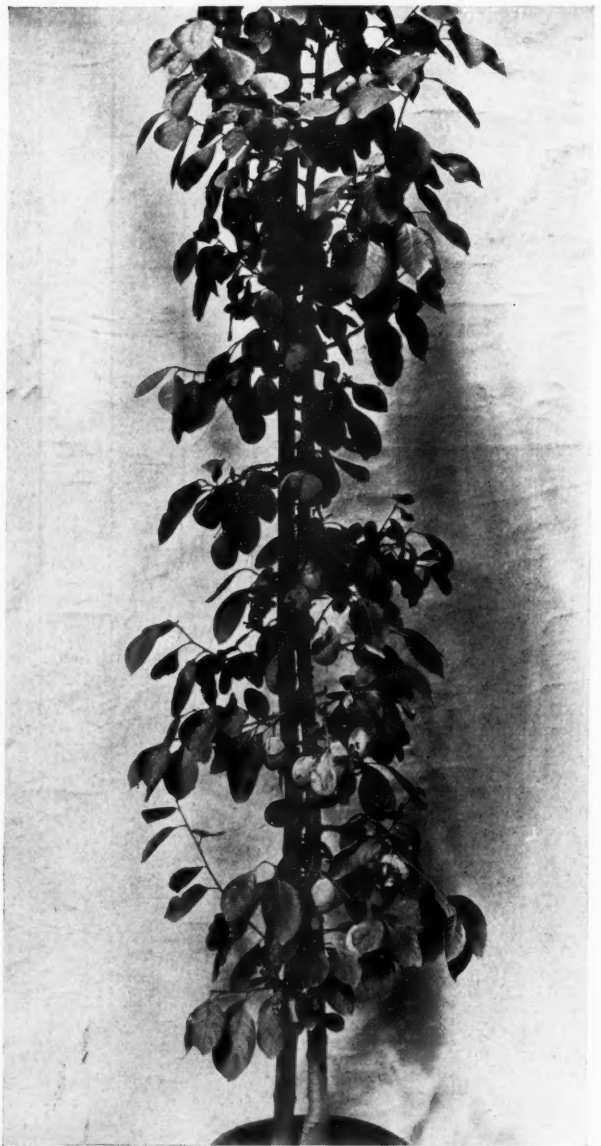
There is a never failing satisfaction in watching the slow development of fruit, and when it can be done in the pleasant shelter of a glasshouse it is greatly enhanced. Many houses, formerly heated and now, for reasons of economy, left "cold,"

might be made into a source of pleasure and profit; and as Ovid rightly said, the fruit plucked from the branch excels that from "the graven dish."

### THREE FLOWERING SHRUBS

NOW is the time to begin to think about ordering shrubs and flowering trees, although they will not bear moving until the 1st week in October. Early ordering is particularly necessary in the case of new species or varieties, when it is a question of first come first served. In mid-February there is nothing more pleasing among hardy trees and shrubs than groups of Cornelian cherry in full bloom. Individually, of course, the flowers are small—scarcely  $\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide—but they are produced very plentifully over the entire bush and give a soft—in the distance an almost misty—effect of yellow. Like all these early-flowering things carrying blossom on leafless twigs, the Cornelian cherry needs to be associated with some dark-leaved evergreen—holly for choice—for one to appreciate its full beauty. It is vigorous enough to be treated as a park shrub, or planted on the outskirts of woodland should space be lacking for it in the garden proper. It will eventually become 20ft. or even 25ft. high, and by training up a leader and clearing away lower branches can be made into a small tree. The fruits are like small olives in size and shape and bright red. For some reason they are not freely developed in this country, very probably because, on account of its early blooming, the young fruits are cut off by frost. One occasionally sees a good crop, however, and the shrub has then a second period of beauty and interest. It is rather curious that this cornel is so little known, for it has been cultivated in England since before Gerard's time, which was late sixteenth century.

Of the several new species of cherry introduced by Wilson from China, *Prunus Conradina* was the first to establish its worth as an ornamental flowering tree. In recent years (I first saw its blossoms in 1916) it has flowered sometimes in January, sometimes in February, but never later. Like most things flowering so early in the year, it has often to run the gauntlet of several frosts, which do not leave it unscathed. In early days, when spring is still a matter of anticipation rather than of actuality, the display it gives is very charming. They appreciate it very much in the West Country. The flowers are white,  $\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide and fragrant, the petals deeply notched or even jagged at the end. W. J. BEAN.



A CORDON PLUM. NOTE THE PARTICULARLY FINE BLOOM ON THE FRUITS.

# OUR THOROUGHBREDS

BY THE MASTER OF CHARTERHOUSE.

IN recent numbers of COUNTRY LIFE "Philippos" has several times had paragraphs of great interest which draw attention to the early disappearance of our classic three year olds from the scene of their triumphs. The records of our Derby winners have of late years made quite sorry reading. We hear that in the Derby itself they have been jarred, then presently they go through a series of scratchings, cannot be trained, and are no more seen, or they secure a race or two and, equally, vanish before their four year old season. Grand Parade, Spion Kop, Captain Cuttle—almost to be called the horses of a day! We seemed to have lived beyond the days when, almost as a matter of course, we looked forward to seeing the classic horses at the post for the great cups, Ascot, Goodwood, Doncaster. Take a glance back for the last sixty years or so, beginning with the 'sixties, and see how the great three year olds of one year took their part in the next, successfully or unsuccessfully, but still they were there: Thormanby, The Wizard, St. Albans, General Peel, Gladiateur (a glorious cripple, but still the greatest of all Ascot Cup winners), Achievement, Blue Gown, Cremorne, Silvio, Doncaster, Bend Or, Isinglass, La Fleche, Galtée More—the list might be enlarged. But in the last twenty years the instances have been few and far between. To-day a big win in the Two Thousand Guineas, the Derby, the St. Leger, and the racecourse knows him no more!

"Philippos" pertinently asks the reason why. He even has for a headline, "Do we Race our Thoroughbreds Too Much?" and he answers his own question by suggesting that we subject our racehorses (as we do ourselves) to a much more strenuous and exacting manner of life, both as to the methods of racing and training, and also of race riding. If it may not seem presumptuous, I ask leave to say that I believe that explanation to be right. It is essential for me to say this at starting, as I am about to array an apparently overwhelming body of fact to show, at first sight, that the horses of the first hundred and fifty years of organised racing in England were subjected to a system of racing, training, riding and, above all, of travelling from place to place, compared to which our modern methods seem to be sheer luxury and softness.

I need not record for my readers the career of that great little horse—he was hardly more than a big pony, being under fifteen hands—the immortal Gimcrack. Every year as the autumn gathering of the club at York comes round we read from some or other hand how the little wonder walked from racecourse to racecourse in the North, carrying all before him and, incidentally, becoming the idol of Yorkshiremen, to be worshipped so long as Yorkshiremen think and talk of horses. Can the day ever come when it is petrol and motor gear they will talk of? Who dare prophesy?

But if anyone will turn over the pages of the *Racing Calendar* of the middle and soon-after years of the eighteenth century, he will find abundant evidence of the work which our ancestors required of their racehorses. He will find on every page races run in four-mile heats, four such to a race, horses to carry twelve stone, or ten stone, and many a horse winning or running under such conditions all over the country. I chance to open the volume for 1784 and I find a horse called The Rover, by Herod, which at Lewes that August wins one day a plate in four-mile heats (only two were required of him, as his competitor fell), and a day later he wins a race in four four-mile heats. And as he won many races in many places he does not seem to have taken much harm. King's Plates for six year olds, in four-mile heats, were run under 12st., and the very fact that so many horses survived their ordeals up to that age speaks eloquently in itself.

The case of The Rover was but one of many. Scores of other horses lived out their career under like conditions. And since a horse, under the four-mile heat system, had to run sixteen miles to win a race, it follows that a winner of twenty races in a season—and there were many which did this—would have run from 200 to 300 miles. To-day, a horse might win twenty races and not have traversed thirty miles in doing it. What distance a horse would have walked from meeting to meeting in those days is mere guesswork. As soon as racing was over for the day (our ancestors raced in the morning), a horse, after a rest, would start off on his walk of a day or two, perhaps, to his next tryst, and with him, maybe, his jockey with his saddle strapped about him, for man and horse were under the same conditions of travel. "The Druid" records how, even at a later time, old Sam Day once started off after racing, to ride eighty-five miles all through the night and next day, to take a mount; and on any coach road the passengers would meet little strings of racehorses coming from Malton or Middleham or Newmarket, bound on a week's walk to this meeting or to that. It is a condition to bear in mind. To be borne in mind, too, is the obvious fact that the training in all periods will correspond to the actual racing. A horse was trained with four-mile or three-mile sweats under heavy clothing; and it was long, very long, before these same sweats ceased to be an article of faith with trainers. As the eighteenth century wore to its close one finds an increase in the number of comparatively

short races in the Calendar. The institution of the Derby in 1780 as a one-heat race of a mile and a half was an epoch-making event and did much to set the standard in favour of the shorter courses. In the new century the number of four year old heat races steadily diminished. Although scarcely seventy years had passed since the days of the Darley and Godolphin Arabs, and many a man who saw Diomed win the Derby had also seen Flying Childers in his prime, yet even in that time the average English thoroughbred by human selection had passed from the little, plodding, enduring half-Arab (which could go on all day at his own pace) into the full-sized blood horse of greater stride and ever increasing speed, which was to advance stage by stage to a Plenipo, a Teddington, a Gladiateur, an Ormonde. But the conditions of a racehorse's life still hung largely around the first fifty years of the nineteenth century. The majority of horses still walked to their engagements, even after Lord George Bentinck's discovery of the cattle-van for transit. The old-fashioned trainer still believed in the long three-mile sweat. Much more was still expected of a thoroughbred than is to-day the case. Thus Caterina, a daughter of The Colonel, ran in 141 races. "The Druid" tells us that the most terrific training gallop within his knowledge was that which was given to The Flying Dutchman at Doncaster a day (or was it two days?) before he went down before Voltigeur in the Cup. I have never seen it suggested, but one wonders if that same gallop had anything to do with the defeat.

The twenty years of the 'fifties and 'sixties were years of gradual transition, especially the 'sixties, when the Dawsons, John Porter and others were largely responsible for a more scientific and sensible handling of the racehorse. The chief change, however, in his lot lay in the fact that he now travelled no more from place to place on his own legs, but went to his destination by train in a well appointed van. The four-mile heats, and even the single-heat four-mile or three-mile race, had practically disappeared from the card, and with them to some extent the corresponding heavy sweats on the training grounds. But there still survived with many owners and trainers the old estimates of a thoroughbred's capacity to meet unlimited exactions. Sir Joseph Hawley was one of the best judges of horseflesh and of all that concerned racing who ever lived, and withal a kindly man. Yet his handling of that great horse and faithful servant, Teddington, must give us pause. Teddington in his first trial was set a most severe task, which he accomplished so easily that Sir Joseph believed the trial must be wrong. So he tried it over again within twenty-four hours! Still more pathetic was the end of the great horse's career. He had, under a heavy weight, run well in the Cesarewitch (2½ miles). That same afternoon he was sent to run the Beacon Course (4 miles) and broke down. Owners in that day were often ready to run horses twice in an afternoon, as the *Calendars* assure us. It was in this same decade that those two cast-iron specimens, Rataplan and Fisherman, went touring. The former ran sixty-nine races and won forty; the latter ran 129 times and won seventy. (I do not guarantee the exact figures.) Just over the border of the 'sixties Caller Ou took up the same business. I do not remember how often that marvellous bit of stuff went forth, carrying her neck "oopside doon" and carrying also that supreme horseman, Tom Chaloner, to annex Queen's Plates and other unconsidered trifles. She was the last of the really great maids-of-all-work, a three-cornered disposition, no doubt, but with legs of iron and a heart of gold. Shall we ever look upon her like—I admit it was a queer one—again? There were, however, others who, with more modest records, were yet a standing dish, such as Lilian, an ancient handmaid of Mr. Saville's, which, at nine years old and more, still went farming Queen's Plates and brought not a few home in safety.

And what did not the owners of that day still exact from their two year olds? They ran them out for all their engagements very often, from April to October, from the dewy morn of the racing season to its eve. One thinks of Achievement and Lady Elizabeth, yet not without sadness, since in each case the pitcher went too often to the fountain.

As to the question of severe race riding, the traditions of the 'fifties and early 'sixties still looked back a good deal to the days of cut and thrust. Such jockeys as Sam Rogers, Aldcroft, H. Grimshaw and even Custance (at times) were desperate punishers, and whip and spur were often in terrible evidence in some of the finishes. It was left for the rising school of younger jockeys, chief of whom were Fordham and Chaloner, to show that races could be won without the aid of either weapon.

I do not propose to carry the matter beyond this point. I have said enough, I hope, to show that the thoroughbred, on paper at least, had no soft time. I have merely presented samples of a far greater mass of facts. They would seem to tell wholly against the view that the racehorse of to-day is subjected to more strenuous conditions. And yet, in the main, as I indicated earlier, I accept the explanation of "Philippos." Let us, for example, take the question of long-distance races of four miles, three miles and two miles as against the shorter average distances of to-day. It must at once be remembered



that those long-distance races were practically never run at speed from end to end, except where a jockey occasionally made the running to try to find out a suspicious leg in a competitor. The four-mile course was traversed in its first stages at a slow canter or at a trot, even at times at a walk, and speed was not turned on till much nearer home. A four-mile race was generally not more severe than the seven-furlong races of to-day; and this fact has become much emphasised since the American invasion brought with it the custom of running out races from end to end. Fisherman might not have endured for his 129 races if they had all been run at best pace from the start, as most races are run to-day. And again, I have serious doubts if the modern method of travelling by rail is more to the advantage of a horse than the old method of walking from place to place. It was, in reality, an admirable method of training a horse and keeping him fit without undue strain—long walking exercise with a strong gallop at intervals when a suitable spot was reached. Even to-day, many trainers know well that walking exercise on the hard high road is often very useful for doubtful legs. The method implied an endless supply of fresh air, far more interesting to the horse and far less jarring to the nerves than a day's journey in a horse box. I think we few of us realise what that railway journey means to many a highly-strung horse—the jolting, the bumping, the strange noises, the shrieking of passing trains, and all the other inexplicable surroundings. It is true that many horses seem presently not to mind it all, but it is also probably true that even for these it is a greater nervous strain than it seems to be—certainly greater than a country walk. The horse, even the highly-strung thoroughbred, is generally a submissive animal, and will mostly go where a man leads him; yet even the most submissive are, probably, if we knew it, enduring no small strain, while to some horses it is admittedly a sheer terror—one may quote cases, among others, of Bullington and Persimmon. I should, indeed, go so far as to believe that a horse which, to-day, travels by rail is apt to reach his journey's end with more nerve-rack and depression of spirits than a Gimcrack after doing the same distance on his own legs. The modern method saves time and labour and is a great convenience for the men. These things mean nothing for the horse. He lives, to be sure, in a stable which is as a palace compared to the mere hovels which sometimes housed the racehorse of a hundred years ago. I doubt if he enjoys it more. He is taken out for a few hours daily and put back again, and when he is wanted for a race he goes to it in a close and jolting box, to find himself presently in the noisy atmosphere of our overcrowded racecourses. For him, judging his pleasures by a horse's standard, there is less of the joy of life than fell to the lot of his worse-machined ancestors. Cumulatively it all tells, and it does justify what I gather to be the view of "Philippos," namely, that the life of a racehorse (like the life of a man) is more strenuous and exacting in this day than of old, and that it may be the chief factor to account for the brief career of so many of our champions.

But there is another question which, I think, is even of greater import. Have we too much racing, too many racecourses and, therefore, too many indifferent racehorses? On this point I have no doubt. Any man who has had any large experience of breeding prize animals, from a shorthorn to a guinea pig, knows well that for every hundred animals born he must expect only a very small percentage of perfect or quite first-rate specimens—let us say 10 per cent. (a liberal estimate, I think). Then come some 40 per cent. of pretty good ones shading down towards indifferent or faulty specimens; while the last 50 per cent. will be poor or bad or sheer wastrels. This is, of course, the law which accompanies human selection—the selection of the fittest for some human purpose or fancy; and the breeding of thoroughbreds is no more exempt from this law than the breeding of game fowl or white mice. Indeed, there is no instance in which human selection, acting through the drastic test of the racecourse, had for its first 100 years so amazing a result. Let us take the period of the second quarter and middle of the eighteenth century. If we may suppose (I have not a Stud Book to refer to at the moment) that some 300 foals were born in any given year, then we may take it that some thirty (10 per cent.) were bred really good ones with an occasional phenomenon among them—a Childers, an Eclipse, a Herod. Then would

come a large number which could be raced but which presently found a more suitable career, many of them at least, in the stage coach, the hackney cab, or, if good-looking enough, as hacks, and so on down to those which were only fit for the kennels. And when the number of foals born in a year rises from hundreds to as many thousands the same proportion prevails. Whence it follows that a very large intrinsic increase has taken place in the number of moderate, indifferent and bad. Now, as long as the drastic elimination of these continued, human selection exercised its full influence in the improvement of the bred; but the moment that conditions are introduced which act as a temptation to the keeping in training of inferior and often bad horses the principle of human selection is checked. And this is precisely what we have done. The first seventy years or so of our racehorse breeding produced a result which is without a parallel in the development of any animal which man has taken in hand. In that short time the game little half-Arab had been improved out of knowledge. He had gained an inch in height and he had become the English thoroughbred, with his greater size, his lengthened stride, his superb speed. But the introduction and rapid popularity of the handicap system which made a bad horse almost as profitable as a good one—that was, indeed, its aim for the sake of sport—could not fail to arrest the steps of human selection when it had already reached so splendid a result.

Multiplication of handicaps went hand in hand with the multiplication of minor racecourses and of racehorses. The supply of the latter was, inevitably, in the main one of second and third and even fourth raters. It is not too much to say that a proportion ought to be running in cabs if horse cabs still survived. The quality of the fields is mostly lamentable, with just here and there a few of higher class at these minor meetings. If anyone thinks this statement exaggerated, let him, for about a fortnight in summer, peruse thoughtfully the reports in an evening paper of the horses that have run that day. Of course, I am not speaking of the first-rate meetings, such as Newmarket, Ascot, Goodwood and others. There are often as many as three or four of these minor meetings in one newspaper, and sorry reflections result therefrom. It is true that they give sport and amusement to a large number of people, and they do to bet about. But no one can claim for them that they make for the highest development of the thoroughbred—the thoroughbred as he might have been, as he ought to be. On the contrary, they represent the neutralising of human selection because they make it worth while to preserve the less fitted to survive. It is, of course, true that many of these inferior horses are never bred from; but some are, and it is strange what a spurious reputation seems often to attach to the winner of a considerable handicap even under the proverbial "postage stamp" burden. His name is apt to crop up in the sire advertisements at a tempting fee, with his achievement writ large. And as for the mares, there seems to be among small breeders—not, of course, among the great ones—the belief that anything should be bred from on the off chance of her foaling a good one. It has, indeed, been known to happen in many blue moons—take the case of Isinglass. But, in the main, that way lies deterioration.

Now, I do hope that no reader will imagine that I pretend to have a remedy to suggest. It would be childish to propose the only remedy, as drastic as impossible, namely, the suppression of a large number, even the larger number, of these minor meetings. There is too much capital invested in horseflesh, in racing stables, in racecourse companies and all the industries that depend on racing, to make such a thing possible. One may, of course, hope that the limit has been reached and that few more meetings will be licensed; but that is merely a pious hope. I have not pretended to be writing to propose a remedy. I have merely tried to show, one might almost say from a natural history point of view, that we have here a most interesting case in which human selection performed miracles up to a certain point and has since run on a dead level by reason of the contradiction of its leading principle. Happily, some of our best breeders and some of our best owner-breeders are content with nothing but the best. With these rest the hopes of the English thoroughbred.

GERALD S. DAVIES.

## ADEN

Yellow and green and yellow on dancing tide  
Flares of the huckster boats draw near to our side.  
Lights of the shore, of stars, red lights of buoys  
Toss in a saraband swirl on the dancing tide.  
In black Armada the clouds superbly ride  
Over the harbour noise,  
Over torn hills, our ship, and the dancing tide.  
They're calm as the sorcerer moon that almost full  
Makes even tropical night seem silvery cool. . . .  
The voyagers gaze. Sorrow and doubt and pride  
Are cast, lost, blessed in the lights and the dancing tide.

JOHN MACLEOD.



# BOW PORCELAIN: I.—FIGURES

BY WILLIAM KING.



CHINOISERIE GROUP.  
Height 9½ins.

to Derby. These thirty odd years were responsible for an output of figures and useful wares hardly equalled in variety and charm by those of any other English factory. It is proposed in the course of this article to draw attention to a few of the finer specimens of figure-modelling in the Victoria and Albert Museum; all of these, with the exception of the large Flora, are in the collection presented in 1884 by Lady Charlotte Schreiber.

The earliest figures have no mark at all, and where there is no coloured decoration to help, it is sometimes exceedingly difficult to distinguish whether a given example is Bow or Chelsea. Lady Charlotte, in her original catalogue, was content to leave all

THE porcelain factory at Bow, near London, was in existence in 1744, as we know from a patent taken out in that year by one Heylyn, a merchant, and Thomas Frye, the mezzotint engraver. The works were known as New Canton, and continued under a succession of managers until 1776, when they were bought by William Duesbury and the models and moulds transferred

early white figures together in one group, but later additions to our knowledge have enabled us to separate the work of the two factories with a fair degree of accuracy. It must be owned that we are far from having attained finality in the matter of classification, and a figure which to-day is attributed to Bow may quite possibly tomorrow be called Chelsea. Therapidity

and completeness with which attributions are changed may startle the lay mind, but this phase of art history furnishes the elect with the rare and sublime pleasure of the seeker after truth who thinks that he has found the bottom of the well. Both of the white pieces reproduced here are certainly Bow, on technical grounds; the group representing a Chinaman about to beat a small boy is an enchanting example of the eighteenth century fantasy known as *chinoiserie*, while the other closely resembles the well known Woodward and Kitty Clive, and portrays the actor James Quin as Falstaff. Quin was appearing in this rôle in 1746-47, a date that agrees very well with the history of the



JAMES QUIN AS FALSTAFF.  
Height 9½ins.



HARLEQUIN AND COLUMBINE.  
Height 6½ins. Height 5½ins.



PAIR OF COOKS  
Height 7ins. Height 6½ins.



CHARITY.  
Height 11½ ins.



FLORA.  
Height 18½ ins.



MINERVA.  
Height 13½ ins.

factory. The figure is an adaptation of an engraving by and after McArdell. No doubt the *chinoiserie* is based on an engraving after Boucher or some other French artist, but up to the present the original has not been identified.

The next group of figures may be dated approximately to the seventeen-fifties. They are modelled with much grace and charm, the colouring is sparing and gay, being laid on in broad washes with effective use of plain white spaces; gilding scarcely appears at all. The inspiration for a good many of the models is drawn from Meissen porcelain originals. Of the harlequin and columbine, the latter, at least, is adapted from one of Kändler's Meissen models, while the former is based upon an engraving in Riccoboni's "Histoire du Théâtre Italien," published in 1731. Very similar in style is the pair of cooks. One of these is marked with an incised B, which has given rise to the legend that it was modelled by John Bacon, the celebrated sculptor, who is known to have been apprenticed to a china-maker named Crispe of Bow Churchyard from 1755 to 1762. The cooks can be dated from MS. evidence to a year not later than 1756; Bacon was born in 1740, and these models are uncommonly unlike the 'prentice work of a boy of sixteen, even though a future R.A. Although the "B" is, doubtless, a modeller's mark, and although we know that Bacon did model at Bow, there seems no more evidence to connect these particular figures with Bacon than the nursery fact that there is a B in both. Similar in treatment is the group symbolical of Charity, in which a woman with a child in her arms is giving a coin to another at her side. The

Flora is remarkable for its great size, the height being 18½ ins. This figure was bought by the museum in 1868 for £51; it is based on the antique statue in the Naples Museum known as the Farnese Flora.

With the seventeen-sixties a new type of decoration begins to appear. Gilding is used in quantity, and the whole surface of the figures is covered with elaborate painting in a colour scheme in which milky blue and maroon purple predominate. The plain base with its scattered flowers in relief is replaced by the characteristic rococo pedestal on four feet picked out with pink. The well known Wolfe and Granby figures can be ascribed to 1760; very similar is the Minerva here reproduced. Another specimen from the same model bears the mark "To" impressed; this is usually supposed to be the mark of a modeller or workman called Tebo or Thibault. In any case it is a mark that is found successively on Bow, Worcester and Bristol porcelain and always on figures or objects with relief modelling, so that it seems fair to assume that all these are the work of one man, whether his name was Tebo or not. This particular Minerva was bought by Mr. Schreiber in Madrid in 1872 for the even then absurdly low price

of £5. The two parrots are characteristic specimens of the birds that the factory turned out in quantities during this period.

The later figures are of less interest and are largely responsible for the myth, still gravely repeated in all the books, that Bow was a coarse factory, which only really excelled in useful wares. These figures are often marked with an anchor and dagger in red; they are richly decorated in colours and gilding with a predominating dark cobalt blue.



Height 7½ ins.

PAIR OF PARROTS.

Height 6½ ins.



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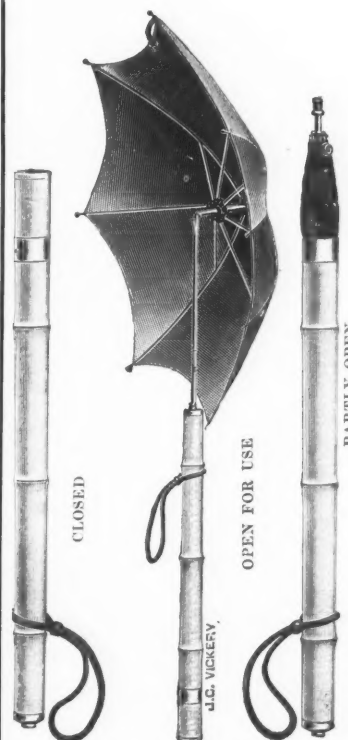
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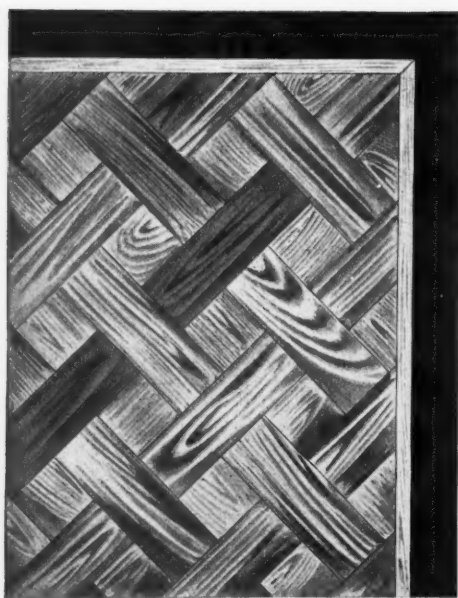


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# CORRESPONDENCE

## FOX HUNTING & ELECTRIC RAILWAYS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The advent of autumn brings forth articles on the future of fox hunting as surely as does the silly season the appearance of the sea serpent! Nevertheless, I beg to call your attention to a new peril to the future of fox-hunting. Every new invention and change have, I am fully aware, brought forth prophets! The Repeal of the Corn Laws, the advent of railways, of motor traffic, and barb-wire fencing have all been quoted in turn as the last nail in the coffin of fox hunting. Yet the corpse remains remarkably lively! The new peril is this. It has been stated that it is proposed to electrify the main railways throughout the country, and I believe I am right in saying the Southern Railway is to be completed (the first under the new system) within two years. The system to be used (so, at least, I presume from enquiries made) is 600 volts, with a "live" rail and return through the ordinary rails. The third rail is "alive" all the time and any person or animal would either be damaged or killed should they make contact between the rails or the surrounding earth. Be it also noted that, according to the by-laws of railway companies, the latter are more or less free from claims for damage or injury to anything inside the protecting fence on either side of the track. Live rails will, of course, be protected at crossings. Now the question arises, apart from children and other irresponsibles of the human race, what will happen to game—particularly ground game and deer, hares, foxes, etc.? Brer Fox, I am sure, will quickly adapt himself to new circumstances, as he always has done! Deer run less risk as they do not freely cross railways, although very apt to run there when hunted. The danger seems to me to be for hounds in chase, which not only will run greater risk of forming contact when packed than singly, but are extraordinarily oblivious to all danger when in pursuit of quarry at any time. The irony of the situation is that the best fox-hunting is likely to suffer most, as the Midlands are the most intersected by railways of all hunting countries. I hope some of the more eminent followers of the chase will satisfy themselves as to the seriousness or otherwise of this new menace before it comes generally into existence, as sooner or later it most certainly will, since we cannot put back the clock.—LIONEL EDWARDS.

## ON THE CARPATHIAN "PRAIRIE."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—This photograph depicts a bit of Carpathian "prairie," as it is there called, starred with moon-daisies. Shortly before it had been a glorious sight, for it was then starred with *Gentian acaulis*, that wonderful small flower of such an indescribable, almost metallic blue which, with the rays of a brilliant sun playing

upon it and while reflecting the indigo heavens, seems to become more and more radiant even as one gazes down at it, nestling in its bed of grass, until the eye becomes dazzled and one loses oneself in a sheer rapture of ecstasy. After spending, perhaps, hours in the depths of a mountain forest, to emerge suddenly on the outskirts, where a plot of vivid green pasture-land is dotted all over with this most charming of all small flowers, is a delight which no words can adequately describe, and can be appreciated only by those who have themselves experienced it. The Carpathians are particularly rich in both flora and fauna. One finds there, in wolf and bear land, almost every flower growing wild, from the beautiful Spanish iris to the lovely little Alpine primrose. And one of the most prolific is the Butterfly orchis (*Habenaria bifolia*), the sweet scent of which fills the air in the beech forests; for everywhere, amid the dried leaves of yesteryear, stand out in relief these fragile stems, with their loose clusters of tiny, long-spurred, white flowers. But *Habenaria bifolia* is a somewhat finer species there than is our English one, and its season is a long one; for no sooner is it over at the base of a mountain than it commences to bloom a span higher up, and one is able to pluck it, at one stage or another, almost all through the summer. In the course of several years I became partial to divers of these mountains, on account of their speciality in flowers. For instance, on one called Gonta grew that charming delight, sweet briar; while Danciu was renowned for heather, which, indeed, grew on none other; and Leloaia produced the Spanish iris; while yet another apparently claimed exclusive rights in growing the Alpine primrose. Canterbury bells, like the Butterfly orchis and many another flower, are common to all. In the plains of Rumania lily of the valley grows wild in great profusion. But what I sadly missed, both in the mountains and the plains, was our hard-to-beat old-fashioned honeysuckle.—ISABEL TRUMPER.

## A NURSERY OF SWALLOWS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—During the last days of August we enjoyed watching a family of swallows in their transition stage, between nestlings and taking off on their own. The family party consisted of five young ones (probably a second brood) and their parents. Choosing the back of my house on the roof they perched along the rain-water gutter and were protected from the somewhat heavy wind coming from the south-west. The parents were kept busy capturing flies, and as soon as they were successful they came and "beaked" over the catch. As far as my observation went, the female swallow was the main provider of the

family wants and was just, if generous, with her gifts. First, youngster No. 1 was given a beakful, then, after a time, No. 3 received a like offering; No. 4 was the next to get attention; and after a much longer wait No. 2 got supplies. I waited anxiously to see if No. 5 would get his share in due course. To my surprise, No. 1 was again ministered to, but I saw that it was now the male bird that was feeding him. Before the female came back again the male had made another capture and again No. 1 was visited, which made three mouthfuls for him against the three others' one, and No. 5 still had his to come; evidently No. 1 was the father's favourite, possibly the son and heir! It was quite easy, by keeping the young birds in view, to tell when the old birds were in sight, as the fluttering of wings and screams of expectation together made them nearly overbalance. It is interesting to think of these youngsters making a journey of 5,000 to 6,000 miles in a couple of months time, if spared.—ERNEST A. LITTEN.

## BLACKBIRDS AND GARDEN PEAS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Although my experience is not as extensive, I agree with your correspondent "Octogenarian," and have never found the blackbird to destroy the pea crop. There are numbers of blackbirds in the garden, and my gardener tells me they never interfere with the peas, but only the fruit trees. On several occasions I have had whole rows of late peas completely destroyed by tomtits (blue tit). They strip every pod long before the peas are ready to pick. The early peas are not touched.—C. M. N.

## LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—May I ask in your columns for the loan of letters written by the late Miss Louise Imogen Guiney? I am preparing a volume of these for immediate publication, and any material lent would be gratefully acknowledged and quickly returned.—GRACE GUINEY, *Literary Executor*, 10, Holywell, Oxford.

## A NORTHERN GARDEN.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I enclose rather an attractive view of an old garden border in a West Highland garden. The West Highlands, I suppose, are not generally regarded as very prolific in old-world gardens, but this is entirely a mistaken idea. Those which are sheltered from the wind produce a crop of flowers as prolific as will be found anywhere in England.—E. H. W.



FLOWERS OF THE CARPATHIANS

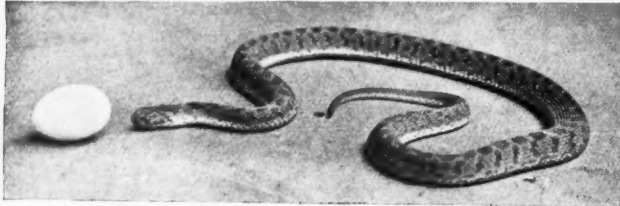


IN A WEST HIGHLAND GARDEN.

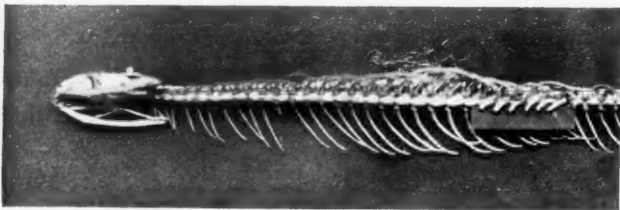
## A REMARKABLE SNAKE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—A very curious reptile, known as the egg-eating snake (*Dasypeltis scabra*), is found in Southern and Tropical Africa. It is not a large species, a fully grown individual rarely measuring more than 2ft. in length, and having a girth about equal to that of a man's finger. Its pale brown skin is usually decorated with



DASYPELTIS AND A GOOD MEAL.



THE "THROAT TEETH" ARE TO BE SEEN OVER THE CARD.

a number of large dark spots arranged in longitudinal rows; while an inverted V-shaped mark is present upon the neck. In its internal structure the reptile is unique in the fact that it possesses what may well be termed "teeth" in its throat, these being downward-projecting processes, tipped with an enamel-like substance that arise from the lower part of the vertebrae in the region of the neck and pierce through the muscles that lie beneath them, so that the extremities are exposed within the snake's gullet. This peculiar anatomical feature is of great utility to the reptile, owing to the fact that it feeds entirely upon birds' eggs. It is true that other snakes not thus endowed are also partial to a similar diet, but when feeding these crush the eggshell with their teeth and swallow the contents in a normal manner; as, however, *Dasypeltis* has no teeth in the front of either the upper or lower jaws, and but very few and very minute ones at the back, it is quite incapable of breaking an eggshell and liberating the contents in this manner. To overcome this disability the snake swallows the egg whole, and, notwithstanding that the dinner may be many times larger than the head of the diner (one of these snakes having been observed in the act of swallowing a hen's egg),

this feat is accomplished without difficulty—the jaw bones, as in the case of other snakes, being but loosely held together by elastic ligaments which yield to pressure and make room for the passage of the object about to be swallowed. Judging by appearances, the process of swallowing cannot be a very pleasant one, for until the egg has passed into the snake's throat the reptile is quite incapable of shutting its mouth owing to the enormous distention of the jaws. But when the egg, still in an unbroken condition, reaches the gullet, it comes into contact with the inward-projecting points of the vertebrae. The snake then presses these tooth-like processes against the egg and neatly saws the shell in halves, the latter afterwards being ejected and the contents of the egg remaining behind to nourish the reptile. Under normal conditions the egg-eating snake is entirely arboreal in habits; but when food is scarce and a farmyard happens to be in the vicinity, it will descend to the ground for the purpose of paying a visit to the hen-roosts. The reptile

thrives well in captivity, providing its surroundings are kept quite dry; and it is recorded that a pair kept under observation at the London Zoological Gardens some time back ate as many as 124 pigeons' eggs in the course of a year, the food usually being taken at night.—B.

## THE SWANS OF WELLS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In the moat surrounding the Bishop's Palace at Wells (Somerset) one may see the interesting sight of swans ringing a bell when they require food, which is very often! It took two years to teach the first swan to do this. That was nearly a hundred years ago, since when the swans have done the teaching for themselves, the older generation teaching the younger and so on. When the bell is rung food is thrown out of the window (just above the bell) to the swans below. A couple of Canadian geese have also learnt the trick, but the ducks, of which there are a great number, have not grasped the idea. However, they are perfectly familiar with the sound of the bell, and whenever it rings lurk about in the back-

ground, snatching up stray bits of food, so that they do almost as well as the swans. This bell-ringing turn is one of the sights of Wells and always attracts large audiences—especially of amateur photographers. It is, however, rather difficult to get a good picture, partly because one never knows when the bell is going to be rung, but chiefly on account of the light, this part of the moat being heavily shaded by buildings and trees. The accompanying photograph was taken with a Kodak, the exposure being 1-25th of a second, stop F 6.3.—FRANK WITTY.

## A METHODICAL EGG-LAYER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—On an evening early in August, while in my garden, my attention was directed to a couple of dead twig ends of a white rose rambler, which looked as if they had been dipped in whitewash. On closer examination I perceived that this effect was caused by an orderly deposition of minute eggs, covering the entire circumference of the twigs. You will observe from the enclosed photograph that even the bud on one twig was also utilised. Being desirous of ascertaining the origin of the eggs, I visited the Natural History Museum, Cromwell Road, South Kensington, where I had no difficulty in obtaining admission to the



BUD AND TWIG COATED WITH MOTH'S EGGS.

office of the Sub-Curator of the Insect Department, Major Austen, D.S.O. He very kindly identified the eggs as those of the large yellow underwing moth, *Agrotis pronuba* (Linn.), with the comment that it was an unusually fine specimen. By the aid of a small but powerful short-focus pocket lens lying on his table, I had one of the surprises of my life. On each egg was shown a beautifully symmetrical pattern, consisting of alternately disposed ridges and depressions running in straight lines and diverging from a common centre which, as Major Austen remarked, reminded one of those seen on the shell of the sea urchin. To me, in view of the extremely small size of the eggs, it was truly a fresh revelation of the wonders of nature. Possibly, further magnification of the photograph, which is already enlarged about eleven diameters, may enable your readers, if interested in the subject, to view for themselves these beautiful embellishments.—C. H. FOSTER.

## A WHITE-HEADED BLACKBIRD IN LONDON.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—There is a white-headed hen blackbird in the London district, at the Rookery Gardens (L.C.C.), Streatham, S.W. She has a few small brown flecks on her head and a white strip on the outer edge of one wing. I have seen her nearly every day for the last two and a half years, and I understand that she was first noticed in 1919. She seems to nest regularly and successfully. This year she was out with her first lot of young ones the middle of April.—P. G. BUTCHER.



RINGING THE DINNER BELL.



# THE SECOND BEST TWO YEAR OLD

## PAPYRUS AND THE AMERICAN ADVENTURE.

ONCE in a while, at this time of the season—the end of really high-class racing for 1923 can now be said to be in sight—it is possible to say, without fear of contradiction, which is the best two year old. Most years there can be a justifiable and well understood conflict of opinion, since racing and breeding would at once cease to interest were all to think alike. Now, in 1923, mid-way through September, everyone would have voted for The Tetrarch, which had won all his races in amazing style—never, indeed, to be paralleled until his own daughter in Mumtaz Mahal came along ten years afterwards. The Tetrarch, one recalls, won seven races. The filly has won four up to the time of writing, but I have no doubt, except for the intervention of a miracle, she will have won five by the time these notes are with the reader, as she was due to compete for the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster this week.

Her sire won that Champion Breeders' Foal Plate at Derby in the week immediately preceding Doncaster, and then proceeded to make a hack of Stornaway for the Champagne Stakes. Mumtaz Mahal could have picked up that Derby race last week, *en route* to Doncaster, but I am sure her trainer, Mr. Dawson, was a wise man in not asking too much of her. You see, she is a filly and rather high strung at that. I expect one of her temperament must be given the most careful consideration and, after all, does she not deserve the utmost consideration? The Tetrarch, I also recall, never ran again after Doncaster. He was to have competed for the Imperial Produce Stakes at Kempton Park, but just prior to it he went wrong. He hit a fore leg, which closed his two year old career, and, as he did the same thing on the eve of the Derby, he never saw a racecourse again after the big September meeting at Doncaster. Let us hope that his most brilliant daughter will continue sound and well, not only to go through with the programme mapped out for her this season, but to show us what we are all so anxious to know—whether it is possible for one so generously endowed with great speed to be also a stayer. If so, she will win the classic races and will, indeed, be a phenomenon in every sense.

There can be no shadow of doubt then as to which is the best two year old of this season. Mumtaz Mahal, of course. A far more interesting and more debatable point is as to which is the second best. Diophon and Purple Shade are unbeaten; Straitlace would never have been beaten had she avoided running up against Mumtaz Mahal on the occasion of the latter's debut at Newmarket; Knight of the Garter is rightly much esteemed; Beresford has won four good races, including the Breeders' race at Derby last week; there are big possibilities about the gigantic filly Hasty Catch; four victories, including the New Stakes at Ascot, are to the credit of Druid's Orb; and there are others likely to gain distinction in the time to come. Since Diophon fairly beat Beresford and Druid's Orb at Goodwood, he, Purple Shade and Straitlace must be the outstanding candidates, for the honour of standing next to Mumtaz Mahal. Much can be said for each.

Straitlace last week won her fifth race when she secured the Manchester Breeders' Autumn Foal Plate. She is a stout-hearted and gallant filly if ever there was one. Temperamentally and constitutionally, she has those characteristics which are invaluable in keeping the thoroughbred of this country pre-eminent. Diophon, I am sure, is a high-class colt, and though some people think he was hard put to it to win that race at Goodwood, it is my opinion that he won in right good style. Certainly it was his best performance. But the one I am inclined to place second to Mumtaz Mahal is Purple Shade. With 9st. on his back he won the Palatine Nursery at Manchester last week-end in a canter by two lengths. He has won all his races comfortably, including the Windsor Castle Stakes at Ascot. Of course, one must conjecture more or less how he would fare if competing against Straitlace and Diophon, but, judging him on the way he has won his races, his fine physique and his general character as a racehorse, I feel sure that he would prevail.

Purple Shade represents all the romance there is in yearling buying, and it is because such examples keep coming along that buyers are tempted at all times to fish in that lottery for the big prizes. It is why every buyer of a yearling hopes that he has secured a classic winner, and why, nearly two years in advance, he enters his purchase for the classic races—all buyers, that is, except Mr. John Bancroft a year ago. He did not enter Purple Shade for the classics of 1925. What a tragedy! Happy Man, which ranks as a Gold Cup winner at Ascot and has the distinction of having been awarded 9st. 7lb. in the Cesarewitch next month, only cost 30 guineas as a yearling. Purple Shade cost several times more than that, and yet stands out as an amazing bargain of the sale ring at only 130 guineas. He must have been a good looking yearling or such a good judge as the steeplechase trainer, Robert Gore, would not have bought him for Mr. Bancroft. But apart from that, we know he must have been good looking at that time because he does so fill the eye now. I suppose he would have made more had he been sold in England, but though his sire, Royal Canopy, sired the winner of the Irish Oaks last year and had a smart two year old in Ireland in Zanoni, he had not really captured the interest of breeders and buyers.

Royal Canopy is by The Tetrarch from a mare called Cream o' the Sky, and was bred by Mr. "Cub" Kennedy at the Straffan Station Stud, near Kildare, where The Tetrarch was bred. Mr. Persse had the training of the big grey colt, and only the other day he was telling me that with the exception of The Tetrarch he had never tried a horse so highly. Clearly, therefore, Royal Canopy had much racing merit, but, meeting with an accident, he could not be trained and accordingly was retired to the Straffan Station Stud. Actually, I believe he is owned in partnership by Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Persse. Purple Shade's dam, Queenie, is a bay and quite a young mare, as she was foaled in 1915, being by Charles O'Malley from Queen of the Hawthorns, by Lesterlin, grand-dam by Pelican out of Harebell.

Much publicity has already been associated with the proposed visit of Papyrus to America, there to take on their best three year old, and it is quite certain that what is to come in this respect, assuming that the agreement has been duly signed, will make what has preceded it look insignificant indeed. When the Americans lay themselves out to bring off a star turn of world wide interest, they must ever be suspected of "stunting." The word is of their own making, but everyone knows what it means to-day. The meeting of Papyrus and the American champion Kev must rouse people on both sides of the Atlantic to a fever of excitement. Belmont Park, where the match is to be brought off, will never have held such a gigantic crowd. The cinema people will expect to share in the fortune making. What a chance for them! It is why some folk on this side are inclined to view the whole show with some disfavour.

I am not certain that they are right. They may be rather too insular; it is, indeed, possible to be so in such matters. After all, why should not the gaiety of the nations be added to by an incident so appealing. It is something new; it is going to teach us something; it will give us some idea as to how what we regard as our best three year old stands in relation to their recognised best, even allowing for the disabilities under which our horse must labour through having to race so soon after being in cotton wool, so to say, for six days or so on board ship; and whether Papyrus wins or loses somebody will be proved wrong—either the people who declared he can beat America's best, notwithstanding a voyage, change of scene and climate, or the pessimists who say that it is unfair to ask a horse to race under such disadvantages, and that, therefore, the prestige of the British thoroughbred should not be compromised for what they regard as a purely commercial enterprise. Well, well, we shall see. Papyrus has not gone yet, and neither is the agreement signed at the time of writing, though the clever agent of Mr. Belmont from America has assured the Press that all is in order and that Papyrus' number will certainly go up at Belmont Park on the twentieth of next month.

I do not propose this week to go at all seriously into the weights for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, though they do undoubtedly interest all people concerned with racing. The acceptances will clear the situation to some extent, and it will be time enough then to discuss the very able work of the official handicapper, Mr. T. F. Dawkins. One feature, however, was anticipated with much curiosity. What weight would Epinar get for the Cambridgeshire? He has got 9st. 2lb., which is a bulky burden, indeed, for a three year old, and if he can win under it then I will indeed take off my hat to him. It was inevitable that he would get 9st. or more. Actually, the best of our sprinters, Sicyon, meets him on rather better than weight for age terms. Sicyon, a four year old and a very fine performer this season, has been set to give him 3lb. and he is a year the older horse.

It cannot be said that the French champion has been harshly dealt with. After all, the French folk did think he was unbeatable for the Stewards' Cup as, indeed, he proved to be, and they took many thousands of pounds back to France with them. I do not think he had much to do at Goodwood. The field for the Stewards' Cup was nothing like as strong as usual, but, of course, he won under the big weight for a three year old of 8st. 6lb. If he can win the Cambridgeshire under 9st. 2lb., I will give him best. We have our best three year olds engaged with the exception of Papyrus and Parth, and I do not see him giving 17lb. to Cos, which might be a racing certainty could we be assured that he would get the nine furlongs in this high class company. Already Epinar has been backed to win a lot of money for the race, and, as most of it has come from sources which won over the colt at Goodwood, the probability is that he will keep the appointment at Newmarket on the last day of next month.

We must not overlook the very creditable performance at Manchester last week-end of His Majesty's horse, London Cry, in winning the Prince Edward Handicap with a few lengths to spare. Fancy the King having the good fortune to win two first class handicaps in a season; first the Royal Hunt Cup with Weathervane, and now this long distance race! Everyone rejoices in the fact, especially as London Cry must now be brought quite seriously into calculations on the Cesarewitch. A horse of four years of age that can genuinely stay is not overdone with only 7st. 8lb. to carry, inclusive of a 10lb. penalty.

PHILIPPOS.

# A FLYING VISIT TO GERMANY

BY MARGARET D'ESTE.

MY sister and I were packing, heaping the barest necessities for a three weeks' trip in handfuls on to the kitchen scales: "Canvas suit-case, ten pounds; dressing-gown, two pounds; twelve handkerchiefs, eight ounces . . ."—our hearts sank as we looked at the long queue of indispensables still waiting to weigh in, for 30lb. is the limit of free luggage allowed to each aeroplane passenger, and within that limit we were determined to abide.

It was a sudden decision of ours to travel by air. I do not think it had even crossed our minds as an alternative to boat and train till our eyes fell upon an inconspicuous paragraph at the end of a Continental time-table. It stated simply, with no D.V. in parentheses anywhere, that every week-day an aerial liner left Croydon at 11 a.m. and arrived at Cologne at 3.30. The single journey cost £6, the return fare was 10 guineas. The motto of the company—it was a British company—was "Safety first." We sent up our 10 guineas that same night, and on receiving our tickets began to wonder if we had done wisely.

One night in London, and the next morning we stepped out into Northumberland Avenue and entered the motor 'bus which conveys passengers free of charge to the Croydon aerodrome. With us were four other travellers—two fur-coated women with fallow Slav faces, a young fellow from the Colonies, and an elderly thin-lipped business man who neither spoke nor smiled during the whole journey and showed as little interest in his surroundings as a frozen tortoise might have done—yet was destined to be a considerable comfort to me before the day was out.

At eleven o'clock we reached the flying ground and, entering a long wooden shed where our passports were examined and our luggage rapidly hung on a hook and weighed, we passed out into a wide open space where, a hundred yards away, a great grey aeroplane was resting on the grass.

Through a door in its side we climbed into an enclosed saloon about fourteen feet long and just wide enough to seat two persons abreast. Ten black wicker chairs stood in pairs on either side of a gangway barely four inches in width, and the whole car slanted backwards at such a sharp angle that it was with difficulty we squeezed our way forward to take our seats. Each chair had its feet in fixed metal sockets and was strapped down to the floor. Under each was placed a tin basin for the comfort of its air-sick occupant. Windows ran along both sides of the car, with umbrella racks above. For a few minutes we waited, while the luggage was being thrown into a boot in the rear. Then our door was slammed and bolted. The pilot and mechanic climbed to their twin cockpits outside and the engine started up with a hum, accelerating to a deafening roar as we gradually began to move. First slowly, then faster, bumping and skimming over the grass, we careered across the aerodrome to the farther side, where half a dozen men ran out to meet us, caught us by the tail, turned us round, and ran beside us as we set off again towards our starting point. The pilot was racing the 450 h.p. engine to a screaming crescendo now, and the whole car was dithering under the vibration. Faster and faster we rushed along—soon we seemed to be only touching the ground in spots—then the bumping ceased altogether.

I looked out and saw that the houses and trees had suddenly grown strangely small, while the earth seemed to have dropped far away below us. One glance at the tortoise passenger showed me that he was still in cold storage. To be caught up to heaven in a motor char-à-bancs like this was evidently, to him, an insufferably tedious performance. We were flying steadily on a level keel now and the two brass dials in front of us showed that we had attained a height of two thousand feet and were travelling at just over a hundred miles an hour. There was no indication of speed or even of motion, however, save for the rapid fluttering of the fur edge of the pilot's hood, just visible through a little window set high forward. One of our passengers had moved to another seat, and almost immediately a piece of white paper was handed in: "Please sit still as much as possible and oblige the Pilot." We all sat still and looked out of the windows. Now, I am not naturally fond of heights—I am, indeed, one of those people who find it far less unlucky to go under ladders than up them, yet, to my surprise, I was able to look down into the void beneath us without the slightest sense of giddiness. Tiny houses were still visible upon the earth, and a white horse or cow recognisable in the fields. A leafless wood over which we were passing resembled a cushion sparsely stuck with needles; each tree, seen from above, had become a single dark point casting a long black shadow. Everywhere the shadows were more conspicuous than the objects that threw them. Clear as print the spring sunshine marked every ditch, footpath, ridge and furrow on the earth's surface. We passed few towns, for the air route purposely avoids them; but here and there a mass of toy buildings clustering round a church tower came in sight, or a puff of white smoke let us guess at a train travelling in our direction, only to be rapidly left behind and lost to view. After flying for over half an hour we saw the land come to an end, and a stretch of closely wrinkled grey-green crêpe lay below us, with here and there the white dot of

a sail upon its surface. The aeroplane rose to 2,500ft., and for the first time a decided roll or side-slip shook us out of that sense of security into which we had already allowed ourselves to settle. The machine righted itself again instantly, but I saw a sickly smile flit across one or two faces as I turned to study the reassuring notices printed in French and English which hung before us: "This aeroplane is inherently stable." I impressed upon myself, "uneven motion is caused by wind gusts and is not in the least dangerous. Passengers should always sit in a relaxed and easy position (les passagers devraient toujours être assis dans une position dite *laissez aller*)."

As we were now well over the Channel it seemed appropriate to read also the instructions dealing with this part of the journey: "The aeroplane will float in the case of a forced descent on the water, and emergency exits are provided in the roof of the cabin."

I looked up and saw a circular trap-door above us with two canvas eyes in it through which one might, perhaps, poke one's head if the door stuck. I decided to repeat to myself a few times: "Every moment, and in every respect, I feel safer and . . ." when—whoop!—the aeroplane shot upwards like a boat meeting a big wave, and with a sickening plunge dropped into the trough beyond. I heard the sharp catching of breath behind me, and noticed, to my surprise, a thin spiral of steam curling up from my hands, the palms of which had become unaccountably damp. It was at this moment that I glanced at the Tortoise. It was hardly believable, but he was sunk with half-closed eyes in his chair as if at his club, every line of his back eloquent of the most unutterable boredom. I wondered what he would do if I began to scream and tried to throw myself out; but a moment's reflection convinced me that he would certainly have yawned, in which case only a very determined woman could proceed with a panic. In the face of such complete and genuine boredom it was difficult to believe that any real danger could exist, and I was presently able to convince myself that with a little readjustment of one's old-fashioned ideas of equilibrium these pot-holes of the air would cause one as little concern as do their terrestrial counterparts to the motorist. As a matter of fact, we had no more bumps. In twenty minutes we had crossed the sea and were flying over the low dunes and wide wet sands of the French coast. I watched the sharp-cut shadows of the wavelets on the water, but both the waves and the scallops of white foam-lace fringing the shore were without movement, as if petrified in the midst of action.

I do not know at what exact point of the coast we crossed; the aeroplane route leaves England somewhere between Dover and Folkestone and strikes across to some point between Calais and Ostend. The contrast in scenery between the two sides of the Channel is very marked. No hedges now, but a patchwork plain of a myriad small fields pieced together—grey, green and brown. Long white roads bordered with thin wisps of trees vanished into the distance. The sun, which had hitherto been shining hotly, went in, and we pushed back the curtains. Clouds began to gather below us, first as grey hummocks, then as a level white snowfield which shut out the earth. The wind had dropped and we were travelling as steadily as an express train, but a train with a strange buoyancy about it, as though some hitherto unattained luxuriousness of springing, or tyres of super-pneumatic resiliency, had solved the secret of "travelling on air" that we have all known in the railway journeys of our dreams.

Conversation in an aeroplane is difficult owing to the engine noise, and as there was nothing to see now from the windows, we turned to luncheon and the daily papers. At 1.20 a sensation of pressure on the drums of my ears made me look up, and I saw that we had dropped nearly a thousand feet and were about to alight in Brussels. What had been a dead level plain a minute ago suddenly stood up on end to meet us, so that the thickly clustered houses appeared to be clinging to the side of a steep green hill. Lower and lower we sank, slanting and circling round like a gull about to alight, till we felt our wheels touch the ground, and with a few gentle bumps and a feeling that we had come down rather suddenly in a lift, we pulled up at the Brussels Aerogare, where we had an hour's halt before proceeding to Cologne.

Here our two ladies left us, one of them remarking with an expressive grimace that she should make the return journey by land. "It is not too safe, the air, do you think?"—and here also the Tortoise, that perfect exponent of the *laissez aller* attitude, got out and marched stolidly away. Our Colonial passenger, who had been strolling about and inspecting the other planes assembled on the flying ground, put his head in at the door and remarked, with a cheerful grin, that there were only three of us to be sick now—a most uncalled-for observation, as nobody had even thought of being sick. He guessed there'd be a dozen liners a day on this route by the summer if no accident happened between now and then. He guessed one was about due now, they hadn't had one since the Line opened. That would put people off, a smash. He guessed he himself wouldn't come again after he'd had one—but he didn't intend to worry any unless we came down in flames. Our pleasant chat was put an end to by the return of the pilot from the buffet, and

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as soon as our two 30-gallon petrol tanks had been filled up we rose into the air again and went on.

The fog grew thicker. We flew at a height of only 500ft., and there was something comforting in seeing the earth below us, if only as a blurred and misty map; but to the pilot the weather must have been a source of anxiety, for in the case of a forced landing in fog he may become aware of the presence of houses or trees below him only when it is too late to avoid them. An uneventful hour's flight brought us to Cologne; but, alas! for the view of the Rhine and cathedral from the air for which we had hoped, all was blotted out in fog.

After a brief but searching Customs examination on the flying ground we drove for twenty minutes through the outskirts of Cologne and arrived on the Domplatz. Seated at tea in

our hotel, it was difficult to believe that we had breakfasted that morning in London and had compressed into four and a half hours the journey that used to take fifteen, accomplishing it, moreover, without the slightest feeling of fatigue. I will not deny that at one moment during our flight we realised rather vividly the sound sense of the Moral Alphabet's advice to the Dinotherium:

If you were meant to walk the ground,  
Remain there; do not fool around.

Yet I did not observe, either in my sister or myself, the slightest inclination to surrender the return halves of those tickets which were to take us home by air on our departure from Germany.

## SHOOTING NOTES

By MAX BAKER.

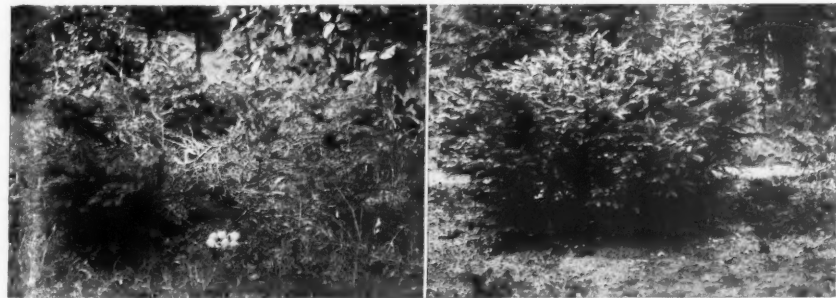
### A DISPUTE NIPPED IN THE BUD.

I SEE that "Front Line" has contributed a long letter to our correspondence column, which by its tone would appear to be confuting something I have said detrimental to the Service rifle. And yet, there must be something wrong somewhere, for I agree with everything he says, save and except his reference to myself as a sort of superior being who, in the nature of things, stands above contradiction. Quite clearly I laid down that the short Lee-Enfield had proved itself the best of all the Service rifles which were subjected to the scorching test of war, and "Front Line" supplies some very practical evidence to the same effect. Where we appear to differ is that he regards as sacrilege any attempt to improve so splendid a weapon, whereas I plead quite humbly that it ought to be made to shoot in the direction where it is pointed, which it does not do at present. The critical change needed is a rather sturdier barrel and an accompanying saving of weight in the heavy metal fitting which constitutes the nose cap. No proof is needed of the appalling inaccuracy of the rifle as now issued, for the handbooks which were issued during the war explained in detail how each soldier must correct by tables the discrepancy between the sighting of his rifle and its actual results. "Front Line" may make capital out of the machine-gun style of delivery of shots by well trained infantry, but he should not forget that ammunition supplies may not always be so plentiful as to allow this prodigal expenditure of rounds. Perhaps, again, he is not old enough to remember the embarrassment and scandal which arose during the early part of the South African War, when the rifles

interested in all the energy you display in improving the tests which are calculated to make the bursting of guns a virtual impossibility. To-day, however, that risk practically does not exist, but the shooting public is constantly subjected to another very serious danger; if the two proof houses are sincerely desirous of protecting gun users from accident they should immediately put in force a compulsory test whereby guns which go off when dropped would be refused the proof mark, and if they lack the necessary powers they should procure them." At the moment of writing, not three weeks after the conversation referred to, I read that, when out shooting, an art dealer dropped his gun and that both barrels went off, one of them killing his companion, who was in the same line of business. A pathetic incident in the story is that the innocent agent of this mishap was preparing in his remorse to take his own life, when other members of the party stepped in to prevent so unjustifiable a duplication of the tragedy. This particular climax appeals with peculiar force to myself; for, once, I discovered that a rifle which had been used for certain mutual aiming tests during the entire space of half an hour had been loaded all the time. In reflecting what I should have done had my companion paid the penalty of my error, this act of self-punishment was judged to be far from improbable.

### TREATMENT OF SUPERFLUOUS YOUNG SPRUCE TREES.

In my recent notes on the subject of pheasant forestry I described the operation of trimming a young covert at the time when superabundance of lateral branches threatens to curtail the entry of sunlight and in the process stifle the essential ground covert. As the plantations were of the mixed order, a surplus of conifers had been planted in the first instance, their duty being to act as nurses to the hardwoods and generally to furnish an immediate supply of shelter for game. When the time comes for the first thinning, a large proportion of the spruces have to be destroyed, the shelter being continued by the choicer species of conifer, such as the Douglas and Larch, not forgetting the necessary proportion of coarse-growing roosting standards. Whatever the original scheme of planting may have been, there is nearly always a proportion of spruces that have become redundant from the point of view of a game covert, their condition at the



A HATCHED-OUT PHEASANT NEST UNDER-NEATH AN ABBREVIATED SPRUCE.

A SIMILARLY TRUNCATED TREE IN ITS THIRD YEAR.

as then issued were found to shoot with a slight left error—a mere fraction of the promiscuous diversity now under discussion. "Front Line's" testimonial to the all-weather qualities of our weapon is very interesting. My explanation is that, at the time when the details of its action were being perfected, the Royal Small Arms Factory at Enfield had a gunmaker for superintendent, John Rigby, head of the celebrated firm of rifle makers so named. I am sure that if he had been in charge of the modifications which gave us the short rifle, he would have taken care that obedience to the sights was included in its virtues.

### A HIDDEN AND FREQUENTLY PRESENT DANGER IN GUNS.

On the 20th ult. I paid a very instructive visit to Colonel Playfair, Master of the Birmingham Proof House, the particular purpose of the call being to examine the experimental and testing plant which is there maintained for cartridge trials on behalf of gunmakers and others requiring assistance. In addition to this general work, researches are always proceeding in connection with the establishment's primary activity as custodian of the public safety in connection with the use of firearms. Conversation very naturally concentrated upon the several matters receiving attention at the moment, but, unfortunately, mine was a surprise visit, and the Proof Master had an urgent appointment elsewhere. My parting words were to the following effect: "I have been much

time of thinning being that of a conical shrub from a dozen to twenty feet high, densely clothed with branches right down to the ground level. The bottom tier of branches forms perfect ground covert, the top only threatening damage to the surrounding bushes and young hardwood trees. My guide and instructor in these matters has hit upon a useful compromise treatment which materially facilitates the task of thinning and at the same time leaves intact a most valuable supply of dense ground foliage. In a word, he severs the stem of the tree at a point about one foot clear of the ground, thus preserving the branches which rest on the ground and even throw out rootlets. My pair of illustrations shows two stages in the later career of a spruce so treated. The first, which was one of those we cut last year, exhibits the still splayed-out branches, one of which has been drawn aside in order to disclose a successfully hatched pheasant's nest. The other shows the condition of such a tree some two years later when fresh shoots have filled the gap at the top, a most valuable bush resulting.

### THE ADVANTAGES OF A SKY-OPEN PLANTATION.

I noticed, in the last issue of the *Gamekeeper*, mention of the fact that this year's pheasant chicks made remarkable progress dating from the time when they were taken into covert. On the rearing field we all know they had a pretty thin time during

the inclement May to June spell, the shelter of the undergrowth in the woods and the larger roaming space afforded offering a pleasing contrast to the scanty feed and chilly atmosphere of the rearing field. At the time of our trimming operations the plantations shown in the accompanying pictures were full of lusty young pheasants which by all indications were having a very agreeable time. Ill as photographs express the condition of a wood, the evidence of intermixed bushes and open spaces is unmistakable. When coverts in this stage of growth and upkeep are available the move from the rearing field may be made much earlier than in cases where mature woods only can be used. In fact, on this particular shoot some of the young plantations have been tested as rearing grounds, and although

they do not permit the comprehensive survey of an open space, they have proved very successful in both extremes of weather, which is to say that the shelter they afford tempers the effects both of extreme heat and excessive cold. As the wood strips have been planted in alternation with open spaces, the two sorts of ground are in proximity, hence the needs of the moment, so far as the chicks are concerned, can be satisfied within a short radius of the coop containing the foster mother. Of course, not all land offers opportunity for the planting of new game coverts, but there are, undoubtedly, many places where strips of poverty-stricken soil of no material agricultural value might be turned to useful account, incidentally filling what may be a gap in the chain of coverts.

## THE ESTATE MARKET

# IMPORTANT PRIVATE TRANSACTIONS

OVER £170,000 has up to the present been realised by the sales, to tenants and at auction, of portions of the late Lord Brownlow's Ashridge Park estate. The greater part of the proceeds so far may be attributed to private negotiation with the tenants. There was, however, a very successful auction a few days ago at Berkhamstead, when Mr. A. C. Driver (Messrs. Drivers, Jonas and Co.) introduced lots embracing the northern section of the estate to the notice of a very large company of bidders. The Old Mill House and a couple of acres in Berkhamstead were sold for £1,725; 10 acres of grassland and watercress beds adjacent to the canal, £610; Church Farm, Ellesborough, just over 300 acres, £5,850; Town Farm, 408 acres in Ivinghoe, £6,700, the timber being valued at £500; and Great Seabrook Farm, Cheddington, 151 acres, £3,800; and small holdings were in keen demand. The prices at which certain lots were withdrawn suggest that they are worth a prompt enquiry by anyone wanting a property in this favoured district. The mansion is for sale, with the first-rate pheasant shooting, and trout fishing in the River Gade. Ashridge Park was the subject of illustrated special articles in COUNTRY LIFE (Vol. IV, pages 560 and 592; and Vol. I, pages 160 and 192). James Wyatt, architect of the mansion, began it in 1808, and it was finished under the supervision of Sir Jeffery Wyattville. It occupies a high and dominating site on the Chiltern Hills.

### CHRIST'S HOSPITAL AGAIN SELLING.

THE Council of Almoners of Christ's Hospital are selling nearly 100 acres of Surrey land, with the consent of the Board of Education. Though styled Ferncourt Farm, the property is really ripe building land, with long frontages to the main Brighton road, a mile south of Horley. The auction, by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, will be at Horley on Wednesday next. On the same day, at Crawley, 20 acres of building land, having 1,500ft. of frontage to Woolborough Road, will be sold in one lot or four lots. On that occasion, too, a couple of bungalows and many sites, in all about 26 acres, await offers, Messrs. Wood, Son and Gardner being jointly concerned as agents.

Major E. C. Quilter's Felixstowe residence, Fleet House, and nearly 3 acres, a few minutes' walk from the golf links, will be sold, at Ipswich on Tuesday, September 25th; and the Hanover Square firm is selling Garvald, the late Mr. W. A. Woddrop's estate of 2,130 acres on the Peebles and Lanark borders, at Edinburgh. Good grouse and low ground shooting is to be had, as well as trouting in the lake.

The remaining unsold portions of Wykehurst Park, Bolney, Mr. Edward Huth's Sussex property, including the mansion and park, 268 acres; Rout Farm and woodlands, 374 acres; Colwood Park House and 32 acres, with possession; Hazeldean House and 10 acres; and small lots, altogether 930 acres, will come under the hammer, as a whole or otherwise, next Thursday at Haywards Heath. Messrs. R. H. and R. W. Clutton are acting with Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley in the matter. Few, if any, more perfectly maintained estates can be found, not merely in Sussex but throughout the country, than Wykehurst Park, and an expert who recently inspected the estate expressed himself in terms of high admiration of everything about it.

Brent Ely Hall, a Jacobean residence at Lavenham, Suffolk, has been sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. Included in the sale are the rights and privileges appertaining

to the old "Squire's Pew," with carved oak screen, in the church on the estate. Messrs. Tuckett, Webster and Co. acted for the purchaser.

The auction of Monks Park, Corsham, at Chippenham on October 19th, has been postponed until March.

Baldhorns Park, near Rusper, is to be offered by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, acting in conjunction with Messrs. Hunt, Peddar and Knight, under instructions from executors. The estate extends to 159 acres.

### HENBURY MANOR AND UPTON GREY.

HENBURY MANOR, Wimborne, an Early Georgian house and 440 acres, has been sold by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. to a client of Messrs. Collins and Collins. The estate is four miles from Broadstone golf links and six from Blandford. The park, of 85 acres, commands views of Badbury Rings and the valley of the Stour, which winds through the country half a mile away. The house dates from about the year 1714, and the east front, perhaps the finest, has a bold pediment supported by pilasters. The oak staircase leads to a gallery landing, lighted by a dome and containing Corinthian columns. The grounds are adorned with specimen trees, among them cedar, tulip, elm, fern beech and chestnut, and rhododendrons flourish exceedingly at Henbury. Modern sanitation, electric light and central heating make the house all that can be desired from a residential standpoint. The 200 acres of woodlands afford very fair sport.

Upton Grey House, near Basingstoke, has changed hands before the auction, which had been appointed for September 26th, through Messrs. Osborn and Mercer in conjunction with Messrs. Simmons and Sons. The vendors are the executors of the late Mr. Charles Holme, and the sale includes not only the old Georgian house, but 780 acres and the greater part of the village of Upton Grey. The woods of 85 acres are adapted for pheasant rearing, and the open land gives partridge and ground game shooting.

In conjunction with Messrs. Powell and Co., Messrs. Dibblin and Smith have sold Malling House, Lewes, an old Georgian residence, and 14 acres. The firm has also sold, in conjunction with Messrs. Hampton and Sons, the Elizabethan house, Stanners Hill Manor, Chobham, which was recently restored, having parklands of 50 acres.

Messrs. Collins and Collins have sold No. 25, Norfolk Street, Park Lane, overlooking the park, and possessing a paved Italian garden, with entrance from Park Lane. This property was offered by auction in March.

By Messrs. Hodgkinson and Son, another portion of the estate of the late Mr. A. P. Hill of Darley House has just been offered, including the residence near Matlock, with a Tudor balustrade. The late owner spent upwards of £10,000 in having it fitted up. No offers have yet been received.

### LORD PORTMAN'S SALES.

VISCOUNT PORTMAN'S sale of 2,758 acres in the northern part of Dorsetshire will be held at Sturminster Newton next Monday by Messrs. Powell and Co. The forty lots include (Lot 2) Manor or West Farm in the village of Hammoor, mentioned by Sir Frederick Treves in "Highways and Byways in Dorset": "A manor house which is, I think, the most picturesque of its kind. It is a long, low building of ash-grey stone, with a thatched roof and fine bay windows with stone mullions. In the centre is a graceful stone

porch with a small chamber over the pillared doorway." He might have added that the rooms contain panelling, and that there are main and secondary staircases. This lot has an area of 296 acres. This impending auction is another step in the realisation of the landed properties of the owner and his predecessor in the title, and their sales recorded in these columns in the last three or four years aggregate many thousands of acres, from Bournemouth westwards, but including six or seven acres in the neighbourhood of Edgware Road.

Loch Luichart Lodge and the deer forest and other land, altogether about 30,000 acres, a few miles from Dingwall, are, it is understood, in the market. The loch separates the deer forest from the grouse moor, and, in addition to trouting in the Grudie and various lochs, there is salmon fishing in the River Blackwater.

### HENSOL CASTLE AUCTION.

WHEN the preliminary announcement that Hensol Castle was in the market was made, in the Estate Market page of COUNTRY LIFE of September 1st, nothing had been settled as to the manner of offering it. Sir Francis Caradoc Rose Price, Bt., whose land agents are Messrs. Fisher and Co., has directed Messrs. Stephenson and Alexander to offer the estate at their sale-rooms in Cardiff on Monday, September 24th. Near many South Wales business centres, Hensol Castle enjoys a remarkable degree of privacy. The richly wooded park is adorned with large lakes, and Hensol Ponds, as they are called, are noted for their coarse fishing and as a breeding place of wild-fowl, the golden crested grebe and others being regular visitants. The history of the turreted mansion in the Ely valley was set forth in some detail so recently in these columns that there is no necessity now to reiterate it. The owner is selling in consequence of the pressure of Imperial and local taxation. The total area of Hensol is just over 1,080 acres.

### STOWELL PARK AND PRINKNASH.

THE EARL OF ELDON'S sale, or re-sale, of Stowell Park will be conducted next Monday at Cirencester by Messrs. Bruton, Knowles and Co., who will, on the following day, at Chepstow, dispose of Llangatock Manor, near Monmouth, on behalf of Lady Shelley-Rolls. Both properties were referred to in the Estate Market page of COUNTRY LIFE on September 1st, and the auction is now so near that everybody who intends to bid must by this time have made himself familiar with all the details of both estates. The Warren, 55 acres near Lydney, will be sold, at Chepstow next Tuesday, for Mr. F. M. Bathurst. Driffield, 1,123 acres, near Cirencester, withdrawn at £19,000, has been sold.

Prinknash Park, the historic Cotswold property, which was the subject of an illustrated article in COUNTRY LIFE (Vol. XX, page 414) and to which a long reference was made in the Estate Market page on August 4th, comes under the hammer of Messrs. Bruton, Knowles and Co., at Stroud on Friday next, September 21st, as a whole or in ten lots, by order of Mr. T. Dyer Edwardes. The old Tudor house with seventeenth century additions stands in 385 acres.

Modern freeholds at St. Albans, with extensive grounds, await offers at King Street, St. James's, on Wednesday next, through Messrs. Goddard and Smith; and on September 25th, at Queen Victoria Street, Messrs. Harrie Stacey and Son will sell Hurstleigh, a modern residence and 6 acres at Redhill. ARBITER.